

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The decision of the Canadian Government to grant Mrs. Sternaman a new trial was the only logical course that could have been taken. The woman, if guilty, should be hanged if there is ever to be another hanging in this country. If there is any doubt of her guilt she should neither be hanged nor imprisoned, but tried over again. This is the decision of the Department of Justice, and it seems to mean that if Mrs. Sternaman is again convicted there will be no commutation of her sentence.

Those who argue that instead of hanging a person convicted of murder in the first degree, he or she should be committed to life imprisonment without possibility of release unless on discovery of proof of innocence, have facts and figures to support them. There is no country in the world where justice is so little impeded as here, yet even here the convicted murderer does not necessarily hang. Since Confederation and up to the beginning of 1897 there were 278 murderers sentenced to death, yet 148 of these were reprieved, imprisoned and not hanged. More than half of those condemned were snatched from the gallows by the Government, and say what you will, this means that the influence and legal ability that a condemned man can command is of service to him. This violates the spirit of our institutions. Since 1879 there were 161 sentences of death in Canada, but only 90 executions. Perhaps those who were hanged were not always the worst of those who were condemned to die. Since 1879 there have been 482 trials for murder and 260 acquittals by juries; and we know very well that juries have been suspected of acquitting guilty persons rather than be responsible for the hanging of them. As civilization advances men grow more and more reluctant to lending a hand in the taking of a human life, even when urged by law and seeming necessity. In order to show how we have drifted in the direction of abolishing capital punishment, I will quote the following recently published table, showing by provinces how murders have been dealt with in Canada for the ten years ending December, 1896:

	Murder Trials.	Death Sentences.	Comm. tations.
Ontario.....	105	36	5
Quebec.....	45	6	3
Nova Scotia.....	9	4	2
New Brunswick.....	10	2	1
P. E. I.....	1	1	0
Manitoba.....	11	6	4
British Columbia.....	34	19	12
N. W. T.....	15	5	2
Total.....	230	89	25

We may assume that 230 persons were judged by the Crown to have been murdered, yet only 49 guilty persons were executed, and 29 were granted lesser punishment. How many escaped altogether because of the growing antipathy to hanging?

But, as a matter of fact, there is now no capital punishment for women. They either escape conviction altogether or their sentences are commuted. Since 1873 no murderess has been executed in Canada. Since then those females sentenced to death have been: Angeline Pauline, 1874, commuted; Alice Davis, 1875, commuted; Eliza Ward, 1878, commuted to seven years' imprisonment; Susan Kennedy, 1879, commuted; Clara Elliott, 1882, commuted; Maria McCabe, 1883, commuted; Euseline Boute, commuted. How many have escaped conviction altogether because of their sex and because it has been understood that hanging would, or might, follow conviction? This becomes an important question. In the whole range of crime there is nothing so repulsive and undeserving of mercy as the crime of the wife who, with slow poisons, eats out the life of the husband who trusts her and looks up to her with thanks for the tenderness with which she administers to him the deadly doses that really slay him. I refer to a class of criminals and not to any one person. If such women escape hanging, then how justify the hanging of any criminal?

The Toronto dailies are beginning to realize that the inevitable fight over that new City Hall is about to begin. The *Globe* of Monday began an editorial with these words: "With a childlike faith that is truly affecting in these days of doubt and questioning the members of Council accept each succeeding statement from the architect regarding the condition of the new City Hall accounts and the sum likely to be required to finish the work." It is indeed childlike and unbusinesslike to depend for another day solely on the assurances of the architect. One member of the Board of Control should go and live in that new hall until it is completed, if any part of it is habitable. The chickens of twelve years are coming home to roost very soon, and in the flutter and confusion the architect should not be without more counsel than he has had in the past. Not the architect, but the Mayor and aldermen are directly responsible to the people. The *News* in a very sensible editorial in Monday's issue warns the city not to commit itself to a scheme for a grand opening on July 1. "The building will not be finished on July 1, and there are," says the *News*, "grave doubts in the minds of competent builders that it will be completed on July 1, 1898." The *News* suspects a deep design on the part of the architect to jolly the City Council into preparing for a great demonstration for Dominion Day—something so big and fine that it will be gone on with even when it is learned that the City Hall will not be completed. Perhaps Mr. Lennox has no such design, but there is no particular reason why the tower should

stand still while the interior is a bustle of excitement. There is an opinion in some quarters that Mayor Shaw should see that the tower (Neelon contract) is finished before the rest of the work is done. If there is a possibility of a law-suit over the settlement with Architect Lennox it would be extremely unwise to take on that fight until the Neelon law-suit is disposed of.

People should realize at once that the James Bay Railway is already being fought for by the C.P.R. and the G.T.R. The rival routes represent the rival companies, and no arguments are fair that fail to point this out. The Canadian Pacific wants a line from Toronto through Parry Sound to Sudbury, and, if possible, down to Sault Ste. Marie, and up to Mississauga, thence (if necessary) to Moose Factory on

should Toronto seek to escape thralldom to either or both?

A civil engineer in private conversation the other day mentioned two points that he considered strong ones in favor of a James Bay railway. Lines running north and south should pay better than lines running east and west, because they connect different latitudes which possess a diversity of products. Nearly all the roads on the continent parallel each other from east to west, and the sure need of the future is a road that will run north and south. The James Bay road would also possess great strategic value in case of war, being entirely and far within Canadian territory and opening on Hudson's Bay.

The resignation of City Engineer Keating of

city's relation to the Street Railway. It was undoubtedly their duty to do this. Now one of the two departs with his head crammed with knowledge of the strong and weak points of our case, and begins directing the operations of the enemy. Yet Mr. Keating was wise to resign and free to accept his new post. He will no longer be badgered by such men as Ald. James Gowanlock. Unless a man is a sort of spaniel he will not long put up with such treatment, and until the electors of Toronto condemn such aldermen by defeating them at the polls we may expect to see city engineers and other officials resigning and joining the ranks of the Street Railway Company and other franchise holders. It is quite certain that Mr. Keating will feel much more at ease in his new position than he was ever allowed to feel in the city's employ. He began with great zeal to

by astute private companies. This is true of other cities as well as of Toronto.

The humor of the situation was well brought out at the meeting of the Board of Works on Tuesday, when, after considering Mr. Keating's resignation, which goes into effect in about ten days, other business was taken up, and Ald. Lamb moved "That it be an instruction to the City Engineer to order the Street Railway Company that they must, etc., etc." If Mr. Keating, the City Engineer, gets too gay during the next ten days the Street Railway Company's new manager, Mr. Keating, will begin his duties by checkmating him.

The result of the provincial elections will no doubt largely hinge upon the popularity and worth of the candidates. It will not be good policy for either Reform or Conservative conventions to put up "yellow dogs" even in party strongholds. The old-time fences have been torn down. In Toronto it is specially true that the results will largely depend on the calibre of the men who are nominated; and it is encouraging to notice that throughout the province both political parties are nominating a somewhat stronger lot of men than usual. Men of character throughout the country are quick to see that in the absence of big issues they have a chance to get into politics on their personal merits.

On page seven of this paper there is a despatch from Denver showing that the daily newspapers, instead of submitting to the demand of the department stores that the price of advertising must be reduced one-third, have united in a fight against those monopolies and demand an increase of 11 per cent. on the old rates. A later despatch from Denver says that the department stores have yielded and on Wednesday night sent an agent to all the daily newspaper offices carrying a message of unconditional surrender. This proves that the newspapers of Denver are still stronger than the department stores of that city. The monopolies must still use the press, and must grow yet stronger before they can, to use the words of a Denver paper, "starve the newspaper men as they have starved men in other lines of trade." But the question is raised: Have the papers no duty but to save their owners from starving just at present?

In regard to this a long letter has reached me from Denver, explaining the ins and outs of the trouble there. For this letter I am indebted to Mr. Cecil H. Clegg, a well known Toronto University man. He tells me that the combined department stores of Denver approached the daily newspaper men with the ultimatum, "Reduce prices or starve," and withdrew their advertising. The dailies at once began a violent war on the big stores, denouncing them in every edition for their fake bargains and their employment of cheap and infant labor. The *Denver Post* refers to one concern, The Golden Eagle, as "the rotten and noisome Eagle" and "the only junk-shop in the West." The reader must bear in mind that the Eagle was no better and no worse than usual—it demanded cheaper advertising rates, that was all. The department stores had been paying the daily papers two hundred thousand dollars a year for advertising, and the money of the "noisome Eagle" had not been spared. If those daily papers now take back the advertising of the department stores and cease the fight, the press will come into contempt in Denver. It will be interesting to watch the *Post* and the Golden Eagle. In the fight the press was supported by the legitimate tradesmen and the labor unions of Denver, and as these forces were not operating solely to keep up advertising rates, complications may be expected to set in. The masses of people were induced to boycott the big stores, and the daily papers can scarcely lift that boycott the moment they get satisfactory advertising contracts. All the obscure sheets in Denver have enjoyed big department store advertisements during the ten days' war, and started a big row in favor of the monopolies. Their venality was nothing short of amusing, and if the big dailies row silence their guns and begin again to publish the advertisements of the monopolies, the press, as a whole, in Denver will have shown itself venal and purchasable, and as unconscionable in its pursuit of the dirty dollar as any junk-shop could well be. In short, the old order of things is quite impossible in Denver, and legitimate dealers have gained much, and labor unions have demonstrated their strength.

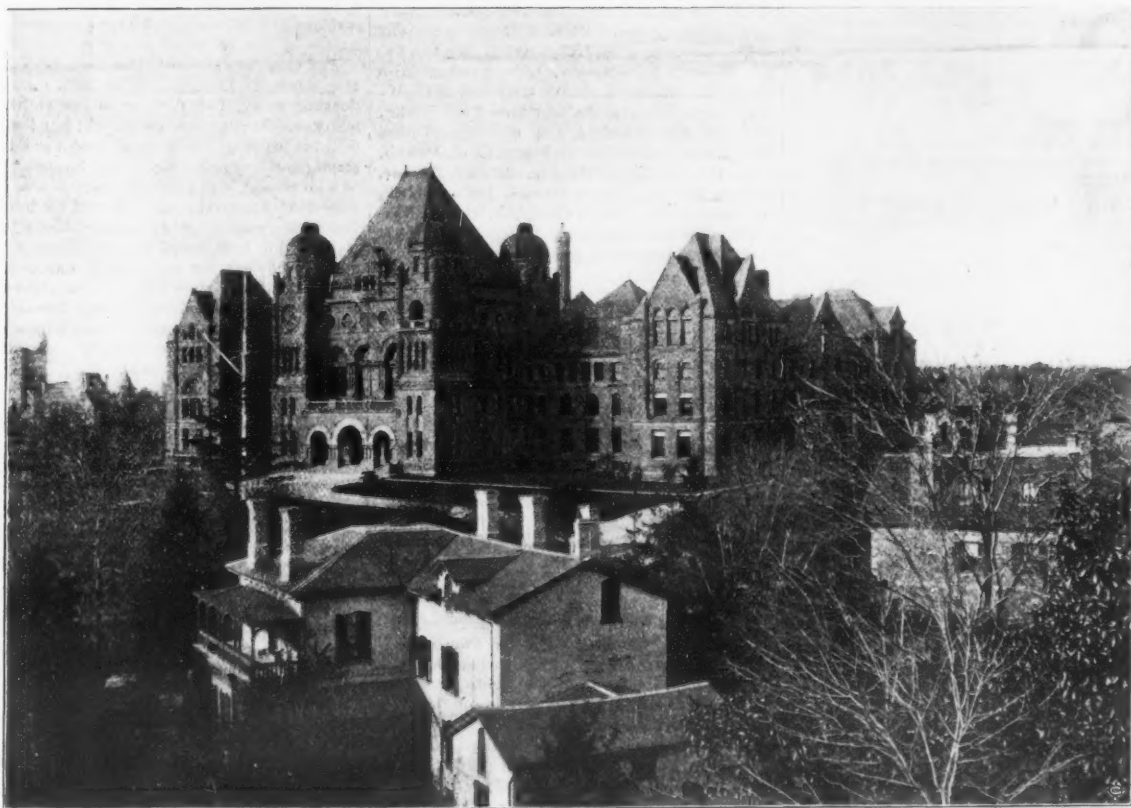
It is a source of great satisfaction to the people of this country that a man of so much influence as Joseph Chamberlain should accept every favorable opportunity of declaring that the future study of Great Britain will be to work in harmony with her colonies, and to turn to them a more friendly countenance than the outer world sees. Kinship is to be worth at least a Christmas dinner. Ten years ago British statesmen scarcely bothered their heads about Canada; the other day Mr. Chamberlain paraded Canada before the British public for all he was worth. It is very gratifying. But if we are not to lose all that we have gained, something must be done to put a check on some of those schemes that are being floated in London in the name of Canadian mines and minerals. A gentleman recently returned from England tells me that Canada will be irreparably injured by some of the wild schemes that are now being pushed forward by unscrupulous persons and influential but ignorant dupes. It may be necessary to compel every Canadian who wishes to go abroad to take out a license



HON. A. S. HARDY,
Reform Premier of Ontario.



MR. J. P. WHITNEY,
Conservative Leader of the Opposition in Ontario.



THE ONTARIO PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.

As seen from a Political Distance.

James's Bay. Toronto must not, in her eagerness to get into direct touch with Sudbury, overlook the plain lesson of the map, which is that under these circumstances Sault Ste. Marie, and not Toronto, would be the inland lake port of the Hudson Bay trade. The anxiety of the Canadian Pacific to perfect its system is natural, but the anxiety of Toronto is to improve her position.

The object of the Grand Trunk is to have the Northern from Toronto to North Bay utilized and the line continued on to Moose Factory. This line would cut straight across the C.P.R. system and instead of feeding its eastern traffic would, according to the Grand Trunk line of argument, rival that trade and carry all possible trade through to its Toronto terminus. The reader should place a map on his desk and figure out the two proposals for himself.

On the map it looks as if the future of the C. P. R. does not depend particularly on the welfare of Toronto. On a map of the Dominion eighteen inches wide, old Ontario can almost be covered with a one-cent piece. It is, moreover, nearly all south of the main line across the continent. Should this cause Toronto to forge new links to bind the city to that main road, or should it cause Toronto to work in with the Grand Trunk, whose lines form a network over old Ontario and whose base of operations Toronto might hope to become? Or

Toronto to accept a position as manager of the Toronto Street Railway, exposes one of the weaknesses of our system. Toronto cannot depend on her sentries. In saying this I have no wish to suggest that there is anything irregular in Mr. Keating's conduct. He has been a capable officer, has earned his salary, and was free to resign and liable to be dismissed at any time. But we are face to face with the fact that our watchmen vacate their posts. In a period of six months we have seen a Mayor of Toronto resign that honorable office to accept a lucrative position at the elbow of his successor; and we have seen a City Engineer resign his office to accept a lucrative position with that very Street Railway Company against whose encroachments and neglect of duty he has been our chief reliance. We cannot make complaint, because our system is such that any city official is free to resign whenever he may choose, and is liable to dismissal whenever a few aldermen care to put their heads together to plan his overthrow. If even the City Solicitor should resign in order to act as counsel for the Neelon estate in the coming suit against the city, what could we do to prevent it? For nearly six years the City Engineer has been more or less actively pressing the claims of the people upon the Street Railway. If he now becomes manager of the company he will understand the city's position exactly. Possibly the City Engineer and the City Solicitor have discussed every phase of the

serve the city's interests, yet if he would come right out and tell his experience I think he would say that within a year after assuming office he discovered that his best purposes were frustrated and his zeal discouraged. He would probably say that with aldermen talking to the gallery, and newspapers looking for sensations, he found himself so pestered and beset that his best work was impossible. Perhaps it would be wise for the Mayor to get from Mr. Keating a candid statement of his opinions, based on his experience, of the way the Engineer's Department should be conducted. When a new man is appointed his views are, in some measure, adopted, but it is the man of five years' experience of the office whose views are valuable. The man who voluntarily retires could afford to be candid, and his statement would at least be worth hearing.

It is the very weakest feature of our municipal system in Canada that when a city gets such an official as Mr. Keating it cannot hope to keep him long, owing to the many indignities that he receives at the hands of aldermen who are offended by his strength and rectitude, and also because private corporations are quick to observe the value of a man and ready to pay a good man a big salary. While city officials are at the mercy of aldermen, and aldermen are at the mercy of the electors, and the electors are at the mercy of rumors, and lies, and passions, we can hope to keep no official who is coveted

before being allowed to leave this country. While the reputation of the Dominion is being improved in England, we should keep our bad characters at home. At all events, the Canadian Government might very well arrange for the filing of particulars of mining projects at the Commissioner's office in London, so that those who care to avail themselves of the privilege could do so. This would mean that a class of wild-cat venture would not dare to file its particulars, and the Canadian office would in time somewhat guard the reputation of this country. Our growing reputation should not be plucked and marketed by adventurers from all corners of the world, and bubbles floated in London should be promptly exploded by agents of our Government.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach in a speech at Bristol on Wednesday reminded us that while Great Britain is now taking Canada more seriously, with this improved position come new responsibilities. In his opinion it was "not creditable to Canada or fair to English taxpayers that such a colony should practically contribute nothing to the naval defences of the Empire." He hoped Canada would soon turn her attention to this matter, adding that he was convinced that if she did not the day would come when she would have "a rude awakening which would be entirely her own fault."

Sir Michael did not say that any discussion had taken place with the Canadian Government on the condition that was "not creditable to Canada." On more than one occasion Canadians have offered to go abroad for service, and as a people we have ever shown a readiness to discuss business propositions in their proper order. If the British Chancellor of the Exchequer has any other purpose in mind than to mollify the British taxpayer while Mr. Chamberlain caters to the sentimentalism of Jubilee year, let him talk business in office hours and not chide on the hustings. If Canada, by remaining unarmed, can preserve peace in this part of the world, she does perhaps as high a service as she could do by the building of a few iron-clads. But it is all a matter of business that cannot be settled by the applause of audiences in Bristol.

British Columbia Comments.

WHEN the Canadian Pacific steamship Empress of India docked at Vancouver on her last trip, it is reported that the entire staff of subordinate white stewards and other minor officials handed in their resignations on account of a new regulation which compelled them to take their meals with the Chinese pantry and saloon boys. The foregoing is one of those incidents which, while at the time provoking little or no open comment from the general press and public, foster and fester in the minds of a large number of people to the prejudice, and sometimes to the actual detriment of a corporation such as is the Canadian Pacific. More especially of course does it engender a feeling of bitter antagonism in the thoughts of the laboring community. And need it be wondered at? It is a direct humiliation to a free-born Caucasian to be placed on a level with the almond-eyed, pig-tailed heathen. The Chinese, whether in the employment of the C.P.R. or elsewhere, are looked upon as being only a peg above the condition of slaves, and rarely perform anything but the most menial of offices; to expect a citizen of this western hemisphere to crush down his feelings of self-respect and native pride to the extent of sharing the same food, elbow to elbow, with his yellow-skinned companions, is a degradation to which no corporation should submit its employees. At the present time the Canadian Pacific Railway Company are trying, or are understood to be trying, to begot a feeling of harmony and mutual good-fellowship between themselves and the people of the district. The Company have thrown out several baits in the nature of a new station, wharf extensions, increased transportation facilities, etc., asking in return exemption from taxation on the proposed and present grounds and buildings. Of course it's their own affair, and the internal economy of their ships' household is no business of outsiders; yet there is no doubt but that little acts, such as mentioned, give a lever to the anti-Chinese, anti-monopoly agitators, and militate against the cordial relations which should exist between the electors and the Company.

In the keen competition for Klondike business and the excitement of the hour, all the Coast cities appear to be receiving their proportion, with the exception of the staid old burgh of New Westminster. What a change from the days of the Cariboo craze, when the traffic from California and Puget Sound floated up the river to Yale, past the doors of the Royal City. The C.P.R. had not been thought of then—neither had Vancouver—and in New Westminster was collected all the wealth and social life of the mainland of British Columbia. It is all gone now—gone forever. Sir William Van Horne threatened, when the municipality opposed their wishes to the will of his corporation, that the grass would grow in the streets of Westminster. It has not literally come to that pass yet, but as a commercial depot the old capital is entirely out of the race. Its population deteriorates gradually, but steadily. There are few openings for new-comers, what business there is being in the hands of the old-timers who have hung on in the hopes of a revival, or, having made their pile, continue on in the same old furrow for the sake of loyalty to the town they built or from ties of friendship and old acquaintance. As the distributing point for cannery supplies and the *entrepot* for fishing craft, Westminster shall always hold the premier position; and when the delta has been opened up, as it should be, into profitable fruit and produce farms, the principal market for such will of necessity be found in the little city on the banks of the Fraser. Apart from this its star, from all appearances, has set.

The action of Rev. George Ritchie Maxwell, M.P., for the district of Burrard, in taking an active part in municipal elections and endeavoring to make of the same a political strife, has lost him many friends and supporters and has resulted in disaster to the candidate he championed. That the defeat of Mr. William Templeton, who was seeking re-election as

Mayor of Vancouver, was primarily brought about by the utterances of the reverend political gentleman referred to, is admitted on all sides. The irony of the affair consisted in the fact that Mr. Maxwell was the principal speaker and worker in Mr. Templeton's behalf, presumably his best friend and strongest ally, as the sequel showed more deadly in this friendship than any other force employed and brought forth by the Opposition camp. He so far forgot himself as to use from the public platform threatening language towards the Provincial Registrar of Lands and Titles, Major T. O. Townley, who was opposed to the Templeton ticket, intimating to that gentleman that he would be in danger of losing his situation in the event of certain political changes occurring at the fast approaching provincial elections. This open threat raised such a howl of indignation from all quarters that the speaker was hurried incontinently from the scene of his blunder, and presumably was not allowed to put his foot in it any more, for he made no further public appearance on behalf of his *protege*. But the damage was done.

Vancouver, Jan. 14.

Society at the Capital.

The Countess of Aberdeen gave an At Home or outdoor *fete* on Monday evening, between the hours of nine and twelve o'clock. Two huge bonfires blazed during the evening, one at the top and the other at the bottom of the slides, which were illuminated with colored lights. Chinese lanterns were hung all around the rink, the bands playing dance music during the evening, and much graceful waltzing, etc., was seen during the evening by crowds of spectators. Lady Aberdeen, gowned in blue cloth trimmed with fur, received upstairs, in the tea-room. Lady Marjorie and her brothers were everywhere enjoying the tobogganing and skating. Refreshments were served in the ball-room, hot bouillon and coffee being in great demand, as the night was bitterly cold. The whole affair was a most complete success and much enjoyed by all those present.

Lt.-Col. Smith, the popular sergeant-at-arms, is in town, and when he appears on the scene we know that the session is high and begin to prepare for all the excitement and gaiety it brings. Lt.-Col. Smith leaves for home tomorrow and will return the end of the month with Mrs. Smith, taking up their residence in their handsome suite of rooms next door to the Speaker's.

The Hon. the Speaker of the House of Commons, Mrs. Edgar and family are expected here about the end of the month, arriving a few days before the opening. The invitations have already been issued for the state dinner at Government House on February 3, and the Countess of Aberdeen will hold a reception afterwards.

Nearly all the "Cabinet ladies," as they are called, are in town and have crowded receptions every Monday, or on such Mondays in the month as they receive. Mrs. Sifton, wife of the Minister of the Interior, receives on the first two Mondays in the month. Mrs. Sifton is giving a somewhat unique party at the Russell House on Friday evening, namely, an At Home, which lasts from 7.30 till 12 o'clock. Between the hours of 7.30 and 9 o'clock there will be a concert, and dancing between the hours of 9 and 12 o'clock.

Mrs. Willie Gwynne of Toronto is still in town, and many lunches, teas and dinners have been given in her honor. She is staying with Mr. Justice Gwynne and Mrs. Gwynne. Mrs. Palmer gave a very lively little tea last Friday in her honor.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Egan gave a dinner party on Saturday last.

Mrs. Gerald Bate gave a most enjoyable progressive euchre party on Saturday evening.

Lady Laurier spent last week in Montreal and was present in the gallery to hear the after-dinner speeches at the banquet tendered Mayor Wilson-Smith by the citizens of Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cambie of Vancouver are in town staying with Mrs. Cambie in Cooper street.

Hon. Mr. Fielding has rented the furnished house in Cartier street owned by Hon. Mr. Ives, and lately occupied by Sir Oliver Mowat.

Major-General and Mrs. Gascoigne gave a dinner party on Thursday evening. The guests included the Bishop of Ottawa and Mrs. Hamilton, Hon. Clifford Sifton and Mrs. Sifton, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Egan, Miss Kingsford, Col. Manns, Miss Martin Smith, and Mr. Howard Buck.

Miss Laura Toller, second daughter of Lieut.-Col. Toller, leaves shortly for London, Ont., where she will visit her friend, Miss Biddom.

Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber gave a dinner party on Tuesday, the following guests being invited: Sir Louis and Lady Davies, Hon. Mr. Dobell and Mrs. Dobell, Mr. and Mrs. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Scarth, Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, Mr. and Mrs. Avery, Mr. and Mrs. Burn, Mrs. Christie, Mrs. Gwynne of Toronto, Miss Smith, and Mr. Waldo.

Lord Ava arrived here to-day and is a guest at Government House.

On *dut* that Hon. Senator Kirchhoff and Mrs. Kirchhoff will this year join Mr. Gill of the Bank of Commerce in housekeeping instead of, as usual, staying at the Russell House.

Hon. Mr. Blair and Mrs. Blair gave a dinner party on Saturday evening. Those invited were: Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pope, Mr. and Mrs. Hayter Reed, Dr. Randolph, Dr. Pugsley of St. John's, and Mr. Zibley of New York.

Mr. Fleming and Mrs. Fleming (*nee* Keefer), who were married here lately, are now in England, the guests of General Herbert and Hon. Mrs. Herbert.

Mrs. Blair gave a small but most successful five o'clock tea on Friday in honor of her daughter, Mrs. Randolph, who is at present visiting her.

Skating is at present the fashionable sport here, and skis, which were at one time hardly to be procured, are now sold in great quantities. The most expert snow-shoers are naturally the most at home on the new "wooden shoes," but many people who have never had a snow-shoe on have taken to this new sport. Among the ladies who are experts one thinks first of the Misses Powell, Miss McLeod, Miss Clark of New Edinburgh, Miss Blair, Mr. Erskine, Mr. Scott,



NORDICA

Who sings at Massey Music Hall on Tuesday next.

Mr. Buck, Mr. Fleming and Mr. Merritt. The striking costume worn by girls consists of short skirt, blanket coat, scarlet *toque*, sash and mitts. The Governor-General and suite are very fond of this sport and went to Insonides on their skis last week.

Miss Violet Clouston of Montreal is expected in town shortly and will be the guest of Mrs. W. J. Anderson. Miss Hampson, who has been visiting the latter, returns home to-day.

Mrs. S. H. Fleming was on Thursday afternoon of last week the hostess at one of the largest and most successful At Homes given this season. Between the invited hours of 4.30 and 7, Mrs. Fleming's handsome rooms were filled with as smart a company as one could wish to see. Mrs. Fleming received in the large drawing-room, tea, coffee, ices, etc., being served in the dining-room. A few of the many present were: Lady Laurier, Lady Davies, Miss Davies, Lady Caron, Miss Caron, Lady Strong, Miss Lyon, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Gwynne, Mrs. W. Gwynne of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Fred White, Mr. and Mrs. Warfield, Col. and Mrs. Toller, the Misses Toller, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Powell, Miss Powell, Lady Ritchie, Misses Ritchie, White, Cambie, Scott, Davies, Blair, Dobell, and Messrs. St. John, Campbell, Bucke, Tyrwhitt, Macoun, Scott, and many others.

Ottawa, January 18, 1898.

Social and Personal.

Mrs. Cawthra of Guiseley House, Rosedale, gives a dance on next Wednesday evening, a function sure to be of the most enjoyable, as Mrs. Cawthra's dances always are.

Mrs. Melvin-Jones' dance at Ilawhaden on Thursday, and Mrs. J. and Mr. George Sloan's dance last night were affairs of great interest to many smart persons.

Mrs. Chadwick gave a tea at Lanmar on Thursday afternoon for her guest, Mrs. Robert Smith of Stratford.

Mrs. Mortimer Clark and her daughter, Miss Clark, shook hands with some hundreds of guests last Saturday afternoon, when the great doors stood open and the lights streamed invitingly behind inner portals of the big house in Wellington street west, and the world and her husband (not to mention her other relatives), the big busy world, took half-holiday and rendered herself, as the French say, in response to the bidding of as heartily hospitable a lady as any in Toronto or elsewhere. The large house and the large heart do not always belong to the same person; when they do the result is such as was seen last Saturday, a good many persons made welcome and happy. Miss Elise Clark, Miss Bessie Macdonald and Miss Leila Mackay of Dundonald did their share in the tea-room, where a *buffet*, prettily decorated in pink and green, was loaded with every good thing possible at an afternoon tea, and deftly served by Webb's men. The handsome suite of drawing-rooms, library, hall and dining-room was so spacious as to comfortably accommodate the very large crowd of guests. Sir Adolphe Caron, always welcome, was on a flying visit to Toronto and spent a pleasant hour at this tea, having with him Mr. Mason, the handsome young London financier, whose marriage next Wednesday to Miss Crouse, daughter of Senator Crouse of Akron, Ohio, is the sequel to a love affair begun aboard ship some short time ago. Mr. Mason is a very nice Englishman, handsome and clever, and Miss Crouse is a fortunate bride-elect, so decided those who met her *fiance* on Saturday. Many looked in vain for Lady Kirkpatrick's bright eyes and sweet smile, but her ladyship was too devoted a nurse to forsake her post even for this pleasant tea. Many another smart and comely figure passed in review, some grouped for a cosy chat, some wedged in a medley of silks, feathers and jewels; here a benign old face; there a merry, mischievous girl; everywhere men by scores, busy returning quip and jest, paying compliments and conveying ladies to the tea-room and back. As to the gowns, everyone knows that the gowns at Mrs. Clark's teas are of the smartest, and are well set off by the beautiful rooms and plenty of

well managed light. Mrs. Kirkland's is this winter a new face in society, one very much admired. Mrs. Morrow was looking well in a handsome gown; pretty Mrs. McCaughan, who has so soon captured our hearts, was also a welcome guest. Dr. Parsons was everywhere greeted with the loyal affection the good Presbyterian always shows for his minister, be he little as Gavin Dishart or hale and big as Dr. Parsons. It was late when the last guest received the kindly farewells of Mr. and Mrs. Clark and their young people, and the reunion of so many good friends and happy comrades is one of the (alas!) too quickly passing memories of a very bright and busy week.

The anticipation of seeing and hearing Nordica arouses the liveliest interest. So sweet a singer and so true and lovely a woman rarely unites in herself the charm of person, of mind and of voice in the perfection seen in Nordica. Her romantic history, her girlhood's husband floating away, lost forever to her sight, like many another intrepid aeronaut; her long and faithful waiting while hope died hard in her strong and loving heart; finally her acceptance of widowhood, and lately her consolation in the affection of a good man, followed by her marriage last year; her dangerous illness, when those who had loved her, and many more who loved her for art's sake, expected the saddest ending; then her recovery, to resume her songs with added beauty and fire—all have woven about this queen of song a halo of interest, and she will be warmly welcomed on Tuesday evening in Toronto.

Mrs. Mountford's lectures, unique and fascinating as they are, have been interesting a large number of persons at the Massey Hall this week. On Tuesday and Wednesday Mrs. Mountford illustrated the lives of the villagers and city people of Palestine; on Thursday that most delightful lecture on the Bedouins of the Desert was given; but the climax, the one considered by critics and the lecturer herself as her crowning success, was the Friday lecture on the Life of Christ. These lectures should be attended by preachers, teachers and children, for no one can fail to be broadened and enlightened by them.

A number of small evenings have taken up the time of this and that *coterie* on the east and west sides of the city. The way-worn progressive euchre has been, perforce, an evening's engagement for many, for of all evening functions it most rigorously exacts punctual attendance and no possibility of sneaking home or elsewhere betimes. When one is asked to a progressive euchre one is apt to say things, then submit and finally have a first-rate time at it. And even the booby prize is something to crow over; not everyone can play the worst.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Bull held post-nuptial receptions on Tuesday and Wednesday at their rooms in the Ross House, and a large number of friends and well-wishers called upon them. The young matron wore a very pretty and dainty gown of gray and pink silk, and was assisted by her sister-in-law, Miss Bull, while her sister, Miss Brennan, presided at a dainty tea table.

P.P.C. cards sent in all directions bade good-bye to the friends of the Speaker and Madame Evanturel early this week. They will be welcomed back later on, let us hope.

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Social and Personal.

THE second red-coat dance more than kept up the prestige of its predecessor, and the gallant Grenadiers were satisfied with its success, while their guests were more than happy over the whole affair. In marked

contrast to the stately and somewhat slow *poultre* was the jolly Friday function, which was entered into by the young and older members of society with great enthusiasm; and with the rattling good music of the regimental band, plenty of energetic dancing men, and maids ready for encores without number to every waltz and two-step, not to mention Lord Aberdeen's pet frisk, the polka, it was easy to award the palm to the Grenadiers' dance as the jolliest one yet given this season. The Stanley Barracks party, always welcome, came in force, in natty red jackets and gold-striped continuations, bringing bright and happy dames in smart gowns to swell the party, who danced until half-past two in the old Pavilion. Some very pretty new music was vouchsafed to us on Friday, much appreciated after numerous repetitions of the same old tunes elsewhere. (By the way, it is time "Love's Promises" were fulfilled, as we have had that waltz on dance programmes for several years, and might institute a suit for breach of promise, with every prospect of heavy damages). The Grenadiers gave us excellent new waltzes, and though the time lagged a bit at first it soon took on the true swing and improved at every dance. Captain Gooderham was in every corner of the ballroom and seemed ubiquitous, looking after the guests, whispering admonitions as to going in before the rush, for supper, which was very nicely served by Albert Williams, and with the able assistance of Lieut. Harry O'Reilly doing the host to perfection. The Lieut. Governor and Miss Mowat were honored guests, and everyone regretted the enforced absence from this and the other function of the week of Sir George and Lady Kirkpatrick. Major Pellatt from the Queen's Own, Capt. Harry Wyatt and several other equally smart officers were there in the quiet rifle uniform, and a few of the dashing 18th, in kilt and plaidie, were, as usual, holding up the honor of the regiment as the most graceful and untiring dancers. They have a rival who was by some voted a victor in the merry war, however, for in the Highland Schottische, "Mah" Archibald executed manoeuvres which were wondrous and agile beyond the ordinary, and with his graceful little partner, Mrs. Fred Capon, was awarded the highest marks for proficiency in that popular set-to. Another little lady, mother of tall sons, gave an inkling of whence came their dancing abilities, by the way she footed it in the Highland Schottische. The belles of the Reel of Tulloch at the great ball, and those smart and saucy sailor girls whose excellent photo everyone is stopping to admire downtown, were most of them dancing at the Grenadiers' ball. A few of the more prominent guests were: Col. Otter, Major and Mrs. Young, Major Lessard, Mrs. Cartwright, Capt. and Mrs. Forester, Col. and Mrs. Denison, Mrs. Macdougall, Mrs. Gooderham of Waveney, Mrs. Pellatt, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Cawthra, Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones, Mr. Ikonowski, the Messrs. Cosby, Major and Mrs. Septimus Denison, Mrs. FitzGibbon, Commander and Mrs. Law, Captain Nelles, Surgeon-Major and Mrs. Nattress, Colonel and Mrs. Grasett, Mr. and Mrs. Armour, Miss Gyp Armstrong, Mr. and Miss Geary, Captain Broughall, Mr. and the Misses Brock, Mr. and Mrs. Bolte, Captain and Mrs. Harry Brock, Miss Daisy Boulton, the Misses Harman Brown, Mrs. C. C. Baines, Miss Coverton, Miss Olive Drayton, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Christie, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Crease, Mr. and the Misses Cowan, Mr. and Miss Cox, Mrs. and Miss Leverich, Mrs. and Mr. George Carruthers, Mr. Grayson Smith, the Misses Chadwick, Dr. and Mrs. Charlie Temple, Miss Gertrude Dupont, the Misses Street, Mr. and the Misses Kingsmill, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. King, Miss Millie Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. Fahey, Mr. Labatt, Mrs. and Miss Armstrong, Mrs. Bromley Davenport, Miss Lamport, Miss Josie Monahan, Mrs. Jack Laidlaw, Captain Gunther, Miss Gilmore, Mrs. Hetherington, Captain, Mrs. and Miss Harman, Mrs. Arthur Harrison, Mrs. and Miss Hogboom, Mrs. and the Misses Bain, Mr. Lincoln Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. Ince, Mr. George Ince, Dr. and Mrs. King, Mr. Lake, Mr. De Lisle, Dr. Meyers, Miss Seymour, Miss Jessie Rowand, Mr. Charles and Miss Annie Michie, Misses Violet and Aileen Gooderham, the Misses Montizambert, the Misses Murray, Mrs. Jack Murray, Miss McMurray, Mrs. and Miss Leila Macdonell, Mr. O'Flynn of Belleville, Mr. and Miss Osler, Mr. Britton Osler, the Misses Patterson, Dr. and Mrs. Pyne, Mr. C. Plummer, Miss Antoinette Plumb, Miss Ethel Palin, Mrs. and Miss F. Patterson, Mr. Scott, the Misses Sloane, Miss Scanlon, Mr. and Mrs. Snydam, Mr. R. Snydam of Toledo, the Misses Temple, Mr. and the Misses Thompson, Mr. Vivian, Miss Warren, Miss Katie Stevenson, Mr. Springer of Manitoulin, Miss Wilkes, Mr. Casey Wood, Miss Wornum, Miss Violet Roberts, and Mr. and Miss Carrie Webb.

A little romance has come to light in social circles this week, revealing the marriage last autumn of Mr. Cleve Hall, son of Dr. J. B. Hall, and Miss Florence Fuller, an exceedingly pretty and clever young lady, and an accomplished pianiste, as I recall when thinking of my first glimpse of her charming face at a closing at Whitby Ladies' College. Mr. Hall was to have gone to the gold fields last fall and was married in anticipation of his immediate departure, but afterwards decided to remain and complete his medical course here. Miss Fuller and her father have been residing in Toronto for a year. Mr. Hall has been a close student all winter, while his friends have missed him from most of the social events, but the incentive to industry was never suspected until the young couple made confession to their parents, who quite upset the traditions in such cases by being eminently satisfied with the affair. Mr. and Mrs. Hall are living at Hahne-mann Villa with Dr. and Mrs. Hall, and the young matron will receive with her mother-in-law next Monday.

To Toronto belongs the credit of some of the loveliest gowns worn last year during the Ottawa social whirl, not always by Toronto women, for many were ordered by residents of

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the Capital City. At the historical ball in Montreal on Wednesday a couple of exquisite gowns designed by Stitt attracted much notice and admiration, the Vice-Royal personage, who represented an old-time French lady of high degree, being naturally the cynosure of all eyes. Lady Aberdeen's Toronto costume was of quaint brocaded silk, rich and subdued in texture and coloring, large old rose-flowers



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strewn on a dull fawnish gray ground, with panniers and bodice opening over an under slip of heavy white satin richly embroidered in gold and emeralds. The polonaise overdress was turned back with revers of green, veiled in fine *point d'esprit*, and the stomacher of white satin was encrusted in gold and gems. A little gold and emerald soft-crowned *chapeau* or turban, with a deep fall of *point d'esprit* at the back, white ostrich tips at the sides and three delicate French pink roses in front, was worn with this gown, and I am told that Lady Aberdeen was wonderfully smart. A second costume, worn by Mrs. Thomas Tait, was a dream of richness and lovely coloring, and in it Mrs. Tait was voted a perfect picture. The gown was of sumptuous white and silver brocade, the petticoat of orange veiled in soft lace; a vivid touch of color was now and then shown, the gown being lined with flame-color and richly embellished with jeweled corners. The finishing touch was given by a priceless drapery of lace, most artistically arranged about the shoulders, said lace being well remembered by those who had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Tait's mother, Mrs. Cockburn, wear the rare and beautiful shawl in her early married days, and who know she probably enjoys in her turn seeing it worn by her pretty daughter.

Toronto will receive a visit from the convention of the American Society of Superintendents of the Nurses' Training School on February 7, 8, 9 and 10. The four previous annual conventions since the formation of the Society at the World's Fair in Chicago have been held in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore. Miss Snively is the president of the Society and Toronto will be visited by some pretty, brainy and capable women this coming month.

Three beautiful women now brightening Toronto by their presence who were much admired at the Grenadiers' ball were, Mrs. Bromley Davenport, who came with her hostess, Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong; Miss Warrington of Belleville, and Miss Young, who was chaperoned by her mother, Mrs. Young. The latter ladies are now *en pension* in Yonge street, near Gloucester, and Miss Young has been very much admired at the V. E. ball, the Grenadiers' and the skating club, of which she is a constant attendant. Mrs. Young is a *Suisse*, and quite a linguist.

Mrs. W. O. Forsyth entertained a few friends and the members of a musical club recently formed from among the advanced piano pupils of her husband, on Saturday evening, January 15, at 112 College street. A delightful evening was spent in social intercourse, interspersed with piano playing, songs and elocution, after which were refreshments and hasty good-byes, for the evening quickly wore away, and all were anxious to get home before Sunday morning. Among those present, in addition to the club members, were: Dr. and Mrs. Young, Dr. and Mrs. Aikens, Mr. G. E. Sears, Mrs. and Mrs. Warren, Mrs. Sampson, Mrs. and Miss Jaffray, Miss Noonan, Mrs. and Miss Roberts, Dr. Starr, Dr. G. C. Workman, Dr. Needler and Mr. Warrington Church.

The Osgoode Legal and Literary Society have announced the dates of their two big functions of the before-Lenten season. The annual At Home will take place on the evening of Friday, February 18, and the Mock Trial Thursday, February 19. From their handling of last year's Mock Trial the law students attained quite a reputation, and it is expected from their preparations this year that even greater results will follow.

Last Thursday evening the Misses Thorne gave a family party as a farewell to their

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brother who is leaving for Montreal. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Horace Thorne, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Thorne, Mr. and Mrs. William Thorne, Mr. and Mrs. Ben. Thorne, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Thorne, Mr. Alfred Thorne, Mr. Charles Thorne, the Misses Thorne, Miss Olive Thorne, Mrs. Stow, and others.

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ROSALIE - A MEMORY OF THE LATIN QUARTER . .

BY WILLIAM LE QUEUX

Author of "Whoso Findeth a Wife," "If Sinners Entice Thee," "The Eye of Istar," "The Great War in England in 1897," etc.
[Copyrighted, 1898, by the Author.]

A FEW days ago I forsook the present and plunged for a brief hour into the past.

I was in Paris, the city which has greatest charm for me, because in the old days, before I abandoned brush and palette for the pen, I formed one of a quartette of art students as reckless as any in the quaint old Quartier Latin, and lived a life of feast one day and fast the next. Amid our gay, careless set, a man was never judged by his coat or cravat, and our spells of spasmodic work in shirt-sleeves were invariably followed by wild outbursts of pleasure. Those bygone days were indeed full of happiness. Little we knew and less we cared for the worries of life, existing as we did in Bohemia, our world apart.

Along the Rue Rivoli I chanced to be passing, and having an idle hour to spare I became seized by a desire to revisit the spot where the five happiest years of my youth were spent. To satisfy this longing I crossed the Point Neuf to the opposite side of the Seine, continuing along the quays until I reached the high, dingy-looking house, the gray front of which faced the river, where, in the bare, ill-furnished sky-attic, we had lived, idled and worked, smoking our rank cigars purchased in the Boul' Mich' at ten centimes apiece, and quenching our insatiable thirst with an exceedingly inexpensive wine possessed of a better color than taste.

As I glanced around I sighed to note everywhere a change. Bohemia seems, alas! no longer to exist there. In the fifteen years that have passed since, in a fit of despair because I had failed with a picture I thought my masterpiece—and which now hangs in my study as I write—I shook the dust of Paris from my feet and set out alone, broken by disappointment and sorrow, to tramp the level dusty roads to Germany, the Quai Montebello has become respectable. It is no longer the beloved old Quartier which was once my home. Its old-world charm has passed away because it has become modernized and has assumed a sorry air of mock gentility! I stood and looked up at those four well remembered windows. There were actually lace curtains there!

Yet, as I lingered sadly, a host of memories crowded upon me, recollections of those happy, idle, half-forgotten days when the quips of Droc convulsed us, when the pathos of Mürger caused a lump to rise in our throats; when time was counted by the dates of remittances from home, and when, in our youthful enthusiasm, we all of us believed our works would one day be hung in the Luxembourg for the admiration of the world. What a merry, cosmopolitan, open-hearted crowd we were! The names of many of those happy indolent revellers with whom we used to dine so frugally each evening at Mother Gery's little *cremerie* in the Rue Galande are now household words. No fewer than five of my boon companions in those days have seats in the present House of Commons, fully a dozen are members of the Chamber of Deputies, one is a distinguished A.R.A., another is editor-in-chief of the most scurrilous Anglophobe newspaper Paris has yet produced, another a brilliant French novelist, and yet another the most renowned painter of the modern school in Italy. The two last mentioned lived with me in our sky-parlor, and may be known in this scrap of autobiography as Jean Chauvel and Paolo Sesto respectively, for it perhaps would not be fair to give their real names now they are so well known. The fourth of our merry quartette was Antoine Martin, a slim, dark-eyed youth, who came from the town where my own family had lived for generations before political complications compelled my father to fly to England, the quaint old fortified place called Châteauroux, far away in the Indre. This little memory is mainly of Antoine, for he was my particular chum.

One warm summer's evening, when the rose and orange of the afterglow had faded, and we had all put down our palettes and abandoned work, my three companions went out, leaving me alone. They had asked me to accompany them to Mother Gery's, but feeling in no mood for conviviality, I had declined. The shabby old room, which served as a studio and living-room combined, was silent and gloomy in the dusk, its four easels standing in a line together, the lay-figure looking ghostly in the half-light, while the human skull perched on the top of the cupboard grinned grimly down upon me.

I stood at the open window pondering, gazing dreamily across the placid river where beyond rose against the evening sky the twin time-worn towers of Notre Dame, the thin gilt spire of the Hôtel de Ville, and the ancient gothic tower of St. Jacques.

I cared not to go out, therefore I lit the lamp, and in order to distract my thoughts recommenced work upon my picture, the one which I fondly dreamed would bring me renown. The subject was a weird one. It represented the gate of an Eastern harem, on the polished steps of which was lying the decapitated body of a woman whose head, struck off by a gigantic negro eunuch, had rolled aside. Its title was *By Order of the Sultan*, and those who saw it in its incomplete state declared its conception and coloring to be remarkable. It was their well-meant but foolish praise that led me to expect so much.

For fully two hours I had worked in silence, pipe in mouth, until, tired out, I at last flung down brushes and palette and casting myself upon the old frayed couch, dropped off to sleep. It was near midnight when a hand on my shoulder caused me to jump up with a start, and I saw Antoine, white-faced and scared, standing beside me.

"Quick, old fellow!" he gasped, out of breath. "Tell me what to do. I want your advice. See!"

And turning, he indicated with a wave of his hand a figure seated in the great roomy old arm-chair. It was a young girl with a face

more beautiful than I had ever before beheld. Her cheeks were pale as death, her eyes were closed, her chin had sunk upon her breast, her clothes and hair were wet and muddy. She was soaked to the skin and unconscious.

"Who is she?" I gasped, starting forward, gazing amazedly at her.

"I don't know," he panted, exhausted by his efforts in carrying her up the four long flights of rickety stairs which led to our studio. She seemed very young, scarcely more than seventeen. Her clothes were of good quality, and although hatless her gloves were almost new, and her thin-soled shoes were evidently from one of the fashionable shops on the Boulevards.

"A quarter of an hour ago, while strolling home along the quay I saw her in front of me," Antoine said, in answer to my quick interrogatory glance. "She was at a dark spot, leaning over, looking intently into the water, when suddenly, noticing my approach, she sprang upon the parapet and threw herself into the Seine."

"And then?"

"Well, I dived in after her and got her out," he said simply, as if it were a most ordinary occurrence. "But isn't she beautiful? I couldn't give her over to the police, so brought her up here. I wonder what the fellows will say?"

I was compelled to admit that her face was almost flawless, but in alarm I asked whether she had yet returned to consciousness.

"Yes, once," he answered. "It was that fact which makes me think she is but little the worse for her foolish attempt. I wonder what could have induced her to act like that?"

"Some love affair," I suggested, still gazing upon her.

"Has she a lover? Do you think she has?" he enquired quickly, an intense anxious look upon his face.

"My dear fellow, how should I know?" I exclaimed, laughing. "But if we're going to keep her here we must put her to bed at once and try and resuscitate her. If not, the chill may kill her."

"Ah, yes," he cried quickly, his eyes aglow. "She shall have my room. I can sleep on the couch—anywhere. Wait here with her while I run down and get Mother Brigitte to undress her and give her some hot cognac," and he bounded away down the stairs to find our concierge's wife.

As I stood, regarding the beautiful face of the fair unknown, her eyes slowly opened. They were large, expressive, and of a clear, child-like blue. When she saw me she started perceptibly, gasping in English:

"Where is this? Where am I?"

"You are not well," I hastened to assure her. "You—you've had an accident, and must remain here in our studio until you are better." I told her my name, and added: "Will you not tell me yours?"

"My name!" she echoed blankly. She raised her hand, and the sight of her wet dress-sleeve evidently brought back to her all the sadness and despair of the past few hours, for she shuddered.

"You are English, so am I," I went on. "Shall I go to your friends and reassure them of your safety?"

"No," she answered, in a low, cultured voice, as she gazed around our shabby room. "You are my friend—I feel assured you are by your face—therefore, I am content to remain here—if I may be permitted. But ask me no questions. Call me only Rosalie."

"Rosalie," I repeated. "Only Rosalie?"

The effort of speaking had, however, proved too great, and a few seconds later she had lapsed again into unconsciousness, and remained so while we carried her into Antoine's barely-furnished little room, where old Mother Brigitte removed her wet clothes, put her tenderly to bed, and gave her cognac with hot water.

It was nearly two o'clock before Jean and Paolo returned, hilarious after a night at a ball somewhere in the vicinity. They burst into the studio laughing and singing, as they were wont to do, but suddenly became hushed and

interested when breathlessly we told them of our pretty and mysterious guest sleeping in the room beyond. Both were on tiptoes of excitement, all eagerness to see her, but were compelled to wait until the following morning.

We were seated together in the studio, our bowls of coffee before us, when the door slowly opened and she entered. With one accord we rose to greet her. I glanced at Paolo and Jean, and saw they both stood agape, amazed at her matchless beauty.

"Good morning!" she laughed, bowing gracefully. "I have to thank you all for your kind hospitality."

"To Antoine Martin," I exclaimed, pointing to him. "To our comrade, Antoine, most of all. It was he who—who found you and brought you here."

With frankness she held out her slim white hand to him, thanking him. Their eyes met. I saw how his quailed before her calm, steady gaze, and I knew that already he adored her.

Her clothes had been dried by Mother Brigitte, her hair had been brushed and dressed with taste and care, to her cheeks the glow of health had already returned, and as she took her seat with us and daintily sipped her coffee, I, like the rest, thought I had never before beheld a countenance so absolutely perfect, so open, so indicative of goodness and purity.

The meal was a merry and prolonged one. She was given the softest roll, the best pat of butter, and her bowl was carefully washed and dried by Antoine before he placed it before her. On her part she was gay and happy, chatting without restraint, laughing at our jokes as if she had known us for years, and subsequently gave us permission to smoke, accepting one of my caporals and laughingly joining us, being compelled, however, to place it aside after the first few whiffs.

Yet she was entirely a mystery. Throughout that long summer's day she busied herself about our studio, tidying it up, putting things in order and chatting gaily all the time. One thing alone caused her alarm; she walked around my easel where I was at work, gazed upon my picture long and earnestly, then turned away with a shudder. It was too realistic, she declared; its sight horrified her.

With one accord we called her Rosalie, as she had urged us to do, and ere the day was out she had addressed each of us by our Christian names. Into our dingy, shabby studio she had come to brighten our lives and prevent us by her influence from lapsing into utter barbarism, and it is no exaggeration to say that within those few hours she captivated the heart of each one of us. She was indeed an enchantress.

Days, weeks, months went by. At our invitation she remained with us, occupied Antoine's room, where she could retire and rest secure from intrusion when she pleased, lived at our mutual expense, and ruled our strange Bohemian household firmly, if coquettishly. Her dress had been ruined by immersion, therefore we compelled her to purchase two others, one for ordinary wear and another for Sundays and *fetes*, together with hat, gloves, and various other things, all of which we paid for out of our own frugal combined funds. Many a time did all four of us deny ourselves cigars, tobacco and wine in order to squeeze a franc or two to purchase various little trifles and dainties for the fair-faced girl whom we had christened the "Queen of Queens." She sat to us as a model, but it was Paolo who painted the beautiful portrait, striking because she is represented as a Madonna, which at this moment hangs in the Royal Gallery at Turin as the property of King Humbert, and is considered a specimen of the noted painter's best work. All others proved failures. Only Paolo could catch the true expression of candor and purity in her lovely countenance.

In the days of early autumn it became plain to us that Rosalie preferred Antoine Martin's society, for she accompanied him to dinner each evening to one or other of the little *cremeries* in the Boul' Mich', and would afterwards go for walks along the Boulevards or through the Tuileries Gardens, where the leaves were falling. During the day, too, while at work, we did not fail to notice the love-look in her face whenever he addressed her; therefore I was not surprised when one evening while alone together he confided to me that he loved her, and that she reciprocated his affection. To him, Rosalie was all in all.

We all envied him. Yet she still remained our gay, light-hearted friend and companion, petting all of us indiscriminately with as playful affection as if we were spoiled children. That Antoine adored her none of us for an instant doubted; besides, we agreed that he had

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a right, inasmuch as he had rescued her from death. She was his idol. His every thought was of her; it seemed as if her extreme beauty had entranced him.

Months went on. Paolo had finished the Madonna he had painted from Rosalie's model, and disposed of it advantageously to a dealer for a sum we considered large in those days. My own picture was complete, too, but it was, alas! adjudged an absolute failure. Spring had come again, the trees in the Tuileries Gardens were budding, and Paris was bright and fresh beneath a clear sky, when one morning a quarrel occurred. Some trifling matter had aroused Antoine's quick jealousy, and he announced his intention of leaving us and placing Rosalie, who had promised to become his wife, in the care of his married sister over at Charenton.

That night, Antoine being compelled to keep a business appointment on the opposite side of Paris, Rosalie dined with me, and when I asked her for details of the affair which had thrown our strange little *menage* into such confusion, she shook her head, saying:

"It is all so foolish. Antoine is so absurdly jealous that I really fear to speak to either of the others. Yet you have all been so extremely kind to me, for you—you have saved my life."

"Why did you wish to end it?" I enquired.

"I have ended it," she answered, sighing. "To my family I am already dead. I died on that night when Antoine dragged me from the Seine."

"You love him," I said.

"Of course," she answered with a smile. "He has been so good to me."

That night none of us retired to bed until the early hours, for Jean Chauvel was to bid us farewell next morning. His uncle at Lyons had died, leaving him possessor of a fair income, therefore he was parting from us, not, however, without considerable regret. The high words of that morning had been forgotten. In wine we drank long life to Antoine and Rosalie, and afterwards toasted each other, subsequently retiring to rest.

How long I slept I know not, but it was Antoine who dashed into my tiny whitewashed room and awakened me.

"Look!" he cried, trembling, his face pale as death. "Read this!"

I started up and eagerly scanned the lines of hurried writing. It was a brief note left by Rosalie, saying that she had left Paris with Paolo, whom she loved, and urging Antoine to forget her.

"And have they gone?" I cried, dismayed.

"Yes," he answered, in a voice broken by emotion. "Yes, they have gone—they have gone! But I will follow." And snatching up his hat, he crushed the cruel letter into his pocket and dashed out and down the stairs.

Neither Jean nor myself touched our coffee that morning. We discussed the affair fully and tried in vain to account for Rosalie's sudden desertion of the man who loved her so devotedly. At eleven, however, I saw Jean off to Lyons. He gripped my hand before ascending into the carriage, but at that moment of

parting no word passed between us, so full of sorrow were both our hearts. Unexpectedly our quartette had been broken up. I alone remained.

To the silent, deserted studio I returned, heavy-hearted, and, entering Rosalie's room, glanced around. In a drawer I discovered a note written to her by Paolo which made it plain that he had for a long time loved her, and that she, on her part, feared to cause pain to Antoine, the man who had rescued her from death. Alone in that old place, the scene of so much gaiety, so many happy idle hours and so much good-fellowship, I patiently awaited Antoine's return. I felt that he must come back, yet although I waited three whole days he neither wrote nor returned.

On the afternoon of the fourth day I could

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THIS IS A SAMPLE LETTER WE FREQUENTLY GET

hear the suspense no longer, therefore having left a message with the concierge I went out, wandering along the Boulevards for some hours, wondering whether my friend had discovered the fugitive pair. Until sunset I walked on, and on my return my footsteps led me behind Notre Dame and past the Morgue.

Involuntarily I turned in, carried on by the crowd of morbid sight-seers, and the first object that greeted my gaze behind the dingy glass partition was Antoine, cold and rigid in death. The body was lying propped up with face exposed towards the crowd, awaiting identification, and at its feet was the letter Rosalie had written spread open so that all could read. His clothes were dripping with water and covered with mud. He had drowned himself in the Seine.

In an instant my eyes took in all the tragic details, then turning I fled from the presence of the body of the man who had been so cruelly wronged, crossed the river, and blindly climbed the stairs to our studio. Disappointed that my picture should have been a failure, heartbroken at the loss of my dearest friend, I resolved to leave Paris for ever. In an hour I had sold to a second-hand dealer all my few belongings, and with the eighteen francs he gave me in my pocket I took my hat and stick and that night set out from Paris alone and friendless, heedless of my future or of where I went.

Ah! the days that followed I can never forget. Without money and without friends I trudged forward, picking up a living by doing various sorts of menial work, often thankful to sleep in barns and outhouses, and sometimes glad enough to eat a turnip or an onion from a field. Still I pressed forward, through many hot weary months, until I at last found myself in Italy, toiling eleven hours daily in a marble quarry near Carrara.

How I developed from a cosmopolitan out-at-elbow tramp into a London journalist, and subsequently into a writer of fiction, does not concern the present narrative. This is not an autobiography, but merely a memory.

In my capacity as journalist I attended one summer's morning about six years ago a fashionable wedding at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and judge my amazement when, on arrival of the bride leaning on her father's arm, I recognized our mysterious and errant Rosalie.

Like one in a dream I sat watching the ceremony until it had concluded, and all the parties had left. Then I entered the vestry to inspect the register. Yes, there was no mistake about the signature. Her Christian name was written in the same well known angular hand as upon that letter exhibited at the foot of Antoine's lifeless body in the Paris Morgue. Eagerly I read the other entries, and from them learned that the beautiful, mysterious girl whom he had rescued from death was none other than the youngest daughter of the Earl of Brantwood, and that the man to whom she had been married half an hour before was Lord Windermere, who had just relinquished his post as British Charge d' Affaires at Lisbon.

Once, only once, have we met. Not many months ago she sent me, through my publishers, a brief note, in response to which I called one afternoon at her house in Mayfair. When she greeted me I at once saw how, as a leader of society, my gay little friend of bygone days had become painfully artificial in both manner and speech. She was no longer our happy comrade who joked, sang, smoked our caporals and drank our wine like the rest of us.

"I have often read your books," she said at last, after we had been talking over the tea-cups, "and frequently I've been seized with an intense desire to meet you again. I wanted to explain the mystery surrounding me, and to tell you how it was that owing to my father's compelling me to become engaged to a man I hated, I tried on that night long ago to drown myself. Besides, and she lowered her voice until it sounded harsh and strained, "besides, I wanted to ask what has become of Antoine."

"Antoine," I echoed sadly, "Antoine killed himself because you left him."

"Killed himself!" she gasped, the color fading from her cheeks. "Ah, poor fellow, poor fellow!" she said, the tears welling in her beautiful eyes. "I—I never dreamed that he loved me so well."

"And what of Paolo?" I asked gravely.

"Paolo?" she exclaimed, puzzled, in a voice scarcely above a whisper. "Ah! of course—I understand. You believe that I left Paris with him; but I did not. He left because of the quarrel, and I only said I had accompanied him so that Antoine should consider me worthless and forget. I returned that day to England, and was welcomed back by my family, who had long ago mourned for me as dead."

"Then you never loved Antoine?" I said.

She did not answer, but burst into a torrent of hot, bitter tears.

Before we parted I shook her small white jeweled hand, and promised her that if ever I told the tragic story I would never reveal her true name. And I never shall.

[THE END.]

NEXT WEEK—THE REDEMPTION OF JONAS KAMES, by W. J. LOCKE.

The Dawn of Empire.

From an Article in the Illustrated American by Hon. Hannis Taylor, late U. S. Minister to Spain.

IT is all-important to remember, however, that every foot of land outside of the original group now possessed by the British Empire has been acquired since 1600, when actual possession of a small part of the soil of the New World was taken under the charter granted to the Virginia Company of that year. Since that comparatively recent date England's entire colonial empire beyond the four seas has been won; and with the exception of such military and naval stations as Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus and Arden, they can all be grouped in four great clusters, which may be roughly described as follows:

First—The North American possessions known as Canada, stretching from the north boundary of the United States to the North Pole, and embracing in the east, the maritime provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland and Labrador; in the center, old Canada, comprising the present provinces of Quebec and Ontario; in the west, British Columbia, the Province of Manitoba and the districts of

Alberta, Athabasca, Assiniboia and Saskatchewan.

Second—The West Indian Islands, comprising Jamaica, Trinidad, the Bahamas, the Windward and Leeward Islands, and not far away from these the Bermudas, in connection with which should be considered the English possessions in Central and South America.

Third—The immense possessions in Africa and Australasia too numerous even to be catalogued in such narrow limits.

Fourth—And finally the possessions in Asia consisting in the main of the great dependency of India, Ceylon, the Straits Settlements, Hong Kong, a part of Borneo, Cyprus and Arden, the last named being the key to the Red Sea and one of the safeguards of the new commercial route which the Suez canal has made available.

Below.

For Saturday Night.

In the rayless rocks of the deep sea-bed
A city of sleep is established.
And the only way to that still, still town
Is by sinking, sinking, sinking down.

'Tis a long, lone way,
Where the light of day
Doth never a glimmer throw,
O'er the pathway dim,
To that city grim,
Below, below, below.

Yet many a hero slumbers there;
And many a maiden sweet and fair,
Wrapt in the folds of a sea-weed gown,
Is now dreaming, dreaming, dreaming down
Where nought illumines
Their glassy tombs:
Whose sombre depths the mermaids know,
And for us keep
Those forms that sleep
Below, below, below.

But soon, with a sudden and mighty blast,
Shall a trumpet startle that city vast;
And the ghostly walls of that still, still town
Shall tremble and totter and tumble down:
When again shall rise,
To the starry skies,
From their couches cold and low,
The beloved dead,
In the deep sea-bed,
Below, below, below.

St. Catharines, Ont. ERNEST E. LEIGH.

Ingenious Texts.

OUR devout forefathers, so easily shocked in many ways, used to permit in the pulpits liberties which in our time would be strongly resented or disapproved, says the *Youth's Companion*. Their personal application of Scripture to others was occasionally pursued very close to the line of libel; and they did not deem it amiss in a minister to select his text with a distinctly humorous intention, even sometimes perverting or curtailing it for the sake of a witty adaptation to circumstances.

Parson Turell of Medford, in the first sermon which he preached after his wedding—he had married a beautiful brunette—gave out, certainly as much to the entertainment as to the edification of his flock, the text: "I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem!"

Abby Smith, the spirited daughter of Parson Smith, who married John Adams, despite the fact that her father disliked him so much that he would not invite him to the house to dinner, is said to have selected as the text from which her wedding sermon should be preached the significant lines:

"John came neither eating bread nor drinking wine; and ye say, he hath a devil."

Wedding sermons, such as were then customary, offered a tempting field for clerical ingenuity. But that most certainly was not a wedding sermon, and the minister who preached it was assuredly a bachelor, and a very cynical and crusty one at that, for which the abbreviated text was announced to the startled congregation: "There appeared a great wonder in heaven; a woman."

The famous Dr. Mather Byles, disappointed by Mr. Prince, who was to have preached in his stead, offered an impromptu discourse from the text, "Put not your trust in princes."

He was more excusable than the minister in a small New England town, who, for the especial benefit of a miserly though prominent parishioner, who was reputed to be holding for higher prices a large quantity of grain sadly needed for consumption in the village, thundered from the high pulpit the text from Proverbs: "He that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him."

Applying this denunciation more and more unmistakably to his indignant listener, who sat rigid with wrath in his pew, the preacher, carried away at length by his own eloquence, and angered at the little effect it appeared to produce, suddenly broke into a direct address.

"Colonel Ingraham! Colonel Ingraham!" he shouted, thumping the pulpit, "you know I mean you; why don't you hang down your head?"

At a somewhat later day, and in a spirit less questionable, two old-fashioned ministers, who disliked the innovation of "repeating tunes" when they were first introduced, aimed their discourses aptly, though in vain, against the objectionable practice. "These that have turned the world upside down are come hither also," one venerable minister gave out, sorrowfully, upon the first Sabbath of its introduction into his church; while another aged preacher, of a more bellicose turn, prefaced a lively, original protest with the text, far from complimentary to the choir, "The songs of the temple shall be howlings!"

The Day Had Arrived.

"George dear," said Mrs. Darley to her husband, as she poured out the tea the other evening, "I drew all my money out of the savings-bank to-day and went shopping with it. I spent every cent."

"But, my dear," protested George, "the understanding was that our savings were put by for a rainy day."

"Precisely; and my dear boy will remember that to-day was one of the rainiest days we have had in several months."

"The present system of holidays," said the philosopher, "is all wrong. You take New Year's Day, for instance; we are told that it is very important in this world to begin right, and yet the first principle of labor seems to be to begin the new year by taking a day off!"—*Bazar*.

THE DAVISON CASE.

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"Well, Mr. Suburban," said the rector, "I suppose you in common with the rest of us have sworn off something for the new year."

"Yes, Mr. Preech," replied the good citizen, "I went down to the assessor's office, and swore off a ten-thousand-dollar personal tax."

"We Yankees are smart enough," said Hicks, on watch-night, "but after all, the English are ahead of us. Here are we waiting for the old 1897 to die, while in London it's been 1898 for about three hours."

"Did she give you a sprig of the mistletoe when you kissed her, Chappie?" "No, indeed," answered Chappie, ruefully, "she called her father. All I got was a bit of dismissal too."

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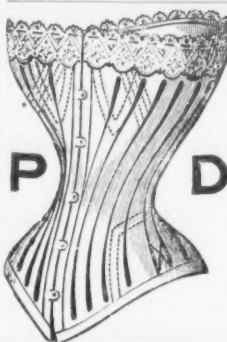
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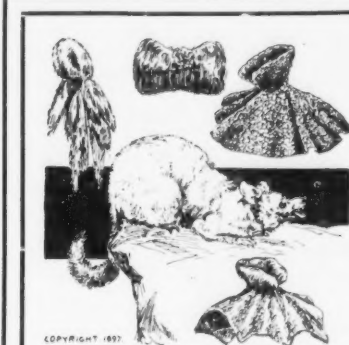
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The Drama.

UNLIKE the careers of joint-stock companies and dubious loan societies, a Bachelor's Honeymoon ends somewhat better than it begins. In the first act, and especially at the outset, the fun is forced and unnatural, the play is cumbered with lengthy explanations, and the prevailing characteristic is poverty of thought and incident. It brightens up, however, as it proceeds, and produces some very ridiculous and even funny situations towards the close. It thus leaves a better taste in the mouth than if the good things were placed first, after the manner of the rural genius whose religion it is to put the big potatoes at the top of the bag, which unrighteous practice, be it known, has lost its lucrativeness in things dramatic. The plot is based on the somewhat threadbare theme of a marriage which is to be kept a secret from the bachelor's sister, who under their father's will is to have exclusive control of the family funds until her brother marries with her approval, and should he marry without it he is not entitled to any share whatever of the patrimony. As the hero is a person of very respectable maturity the reasonableness of this provision may be doubted, but, as it furnishes what little plot there is, its absolute necessity is obvious.

It is the old puzzle of how to make black appear white. A good many people, disregarding appearances, have boldly said that it is, and have had more or less success in their efforts to prove the truth of their statement. The "black" in this case is an actress, and—so kind is the profession to itself—she is of course made to appear of doubtful antecedents and questionable morality. It is Mr. Bachelor's task to make this brisk and dashing lady acceptable to his virtuous sister, who looks like a cross between a Woman's Righter and a New England school-marm. A Bachelor's Honeymoon is intended to point the amazing moral that this can be done; but it is not done, neither in the play nor anywhere else. The sister remains austere, irreconcilable and incorruptible to the last act, when she executes a most surprising somersault and demands that her brother should marry the lady. This is illogical and absurd, and the author must have forgotten to endow his virtuous heroine with the essential element of mulishness, without which, I am informed, it is impossible to have a character really acceptable to those who are our masters in such matters. But something extraordinary must happen, for by no ordinary means can the tangle of events in the middle of the third act be straightened out, and probably Miss Bachelor's sudden conversion is as reasonable as any other *dénouement*.

There is a detective with a face that is most wonderfully expressive of nothing, who is fond of dilating on "my method of locating the wrong door," but owing to an undue emphasis on the last word but one in this declaration, the impression is conveyed that he never could locate the right door of any act that he was employed to ferret out. This is realism with a vengeance. Though it seems to be impossible anywhere else, I think that on the stage, at least, we might have detectives who can occasionally catch the right parties, without offending those who demand absolute faithfulness to nature.

In speaking of an unfortunate marriage our sympathies are invariably and often unconsciously with the party whom we consider to have been responsible for the event. Thus, if the bridegroom is a friend of ours we say, "How on earth did he come to marry her?" whereas, if we are sympathizing with the new-made wife, our remarks will take this shape or something like it, "How could she have married him?" with a degree of emphasis on the first pronoun corresponding to the depth of our sympathetic regard. This is tantamount to saying that the one whom we consider to be responsible for the condition of things which we affect to deplore, is suffering thereby, which is human nature, but very silly all the same.

There are some bright things in the dialogue, but much of it is stolen. In the third act, where the daughters are instructed by their indignant aunt to take a fond farewell of their father, who henceforth is to be dead to them, we have a large section stolen from All the Comforts of Home; and later on, when Mr. Howston, sympathizing with the New York beauty on account of the supposed death of one of her alleged husbands, says:

I am sorry for your bereavement, but, believe me, he is better off. This is a cold world; he will be warmer in the next.

one of Goethe's immortal sayings has been filched from the lips of Mephisto. Still, this is no great fault. If a man has no great and grand ideas of his own, the next best thing he can do is to steal them from other people. They must be had, if life is to be elevated above the level of existence; and there is some poverty that nothing but theft can cure; for since that he that shall get is axiomatic.

it follows that the other fellows that haven't—well, they must take the hint or starve.

Mr. John T. Howston deserves a word of praise; some of his work was really clever. Miss Nita Sykes is hardly heavy enough to adequately portray the severe righteousness of the old maid sister. Mr. George F. Nash, as the gentleman who married in haste, got through the first act with a struggle and the rest very well; and the support is fair to middling, especially the latter. Nothing in the piece amounts to very much, but in the aggregate the result is fairly pleasing.

Here is a bit of dialogue that points a neat moral:
Howston—I approached you like a gentleman.
Bachelor—Well, then, behave like one and go to the devil.

A Bachelor's Honeymoon played a half-week engagement and was followed on Thursday and the balance of the week by In Gay New York, described as the swiftest show piece of modern times. I shall have something to say of this swiftness in our next issue. A Southern Romance is next week's attraction at the Grand.

There is an old adage about a gentleman who once had too many irons in the fire for any of them to get hot, and there is a faint suspicion that something of the kind may be applicable to the Cummings Stock Company. This concern is understood to be on a somewhat large scale, having players en tour at various points, and companies at more than one large center. The whole thing appears to be run at far too high pressure. Mr. Robert Cummings is rushing in and out of the city, trying to catch up with his various interests; and Mr. Ralph Cummings, after a continuous series of performances and rehearsals, filling every hour that could be spared from sleep, and some that could not, for the last five months, has given it up and gone to bed. Miss Byron is cast for a statuesque part which does not suit her graceful vivacity at all, and this week's performance of Niobe rests for success on the shoulders of Mr. Wilson Deal and Miss McCaul, with casual assistance from the effervescent Christie. Miss Douglas is to be congratulated, but not in a professional sense, on not having a very clear idea of what is expected from an injured and neglected wife, for she displayed extraordinary equanimity under very trying circumstances. Miss Stockwell repeats her triumph of last week, so that Niobe, as we now have it, is a long way below the Cummings standard, notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Deal carries off the leading role excellently and that Miss McCaul portrays the uncompromising severity of the elder sister to perfection.

The story of Niobe is a somewhat far-fetched yarn. It is alleged that a wealthy New York stockbroker purchases a beautiful image said to be the petrified body of a strikingly handsome woman of several thousand years ago. He commits it to a friend for safe keeping, and the latter sets it up in a corner of his drawing-room. During some repairs the electric-light wires are allowed to come in contact with the feet of the statue, and revivify it. Charming idea—but strained. Then the fun begins, for the stockbroker does not turn up immediately to claim his property, and the friend, having a wife of his own, and being further blessed with his wife's two sisters and brother, is not in a position to entertain the strange visitor, especially as he makes the unfortunate mistake of imagining that he can get along better without asking them to believe the truth concerning her strange appearance; so he passes her off as the new governess who is expected to arrive, and gets along with only trifling mishaps till the real governess arrives, which precipitates a crisis. By and by the truth gets out, and the fun is over.

"What is the use of a truth that sounds like throwing down the gauntlet to Ananias?"

Forgiveness is announced for next week at the Princess.

The Palmer Opera Company completed its engagement at the Toronto this week, playing Fra Diavolo, Giorio-Giorla, a repetition of the Chimes of Normandy, and The Bohemian Girl. The first, Fra Diavolo, apart from the parts of Mr. Frank Nelson and Miss Minnie Jarbeau, was disappointing after the excellent work in the Chimes of Normandy and Pinafore. The opera didn't fit the company; its strength was wasted, good singers and actors in several cases being wasted on insignificant parts. Mr. Adolphe Meyer, for instance, with his fine voice, was entirely thrown away on a low comedy part, with plenty of nonsense which doesn't suit him and no singing to speak of. Mr. George Hamilton's strong bass was relegated to the chorus. On the other hand, two of the leading roles were taken by decidedly minor people. I didn't see the young lady who played Serpolette in the Chimes of Normandy and Cousin Hebe in Pinafore, and was sorry. The company has some very good stuff in it if they would always distribute it so that it would show.

Miss Jessie Alexander has been busy with out-of-town engagements during the past month. She appears at the Burns' night anniversary in Toronto on January 25, and goes to Detroit for St. Andrew's Society celebration there on January 27.

Some Notes on Hockey.

AFTER a long period of suspense in which many darkly-hinted rumors have been bandied about, the O.H.A. executive has at length taken action with reference to the professionalism alleged to be running rampant in the ranks of the Association. The Berlin Club has been suspended because of the acceptance by each of its players of a ten-dollar gold piece presented by the mayor of the town in a moment of exuberance caused by the victory of his team and the consequent winning of a money wage. It seems a pity, after the wholesale charges made of agreements effected with players in direct violation of the amateur rule, that the axe should fall upon a transgression so open and palpable as to leave no question that the motive of the donor was, as he maintains, the giving of a medal to each of the successful players.

The variance in the dimensions of the differ-

ent rinks throughout the land is a proper subject for the institution of reform. That the stereotyped cry of the beaten teams blaming the size of the rink for defeat would be relegated to the past is a strong, if not the strongest, appeal for a uniform sized rink. If existing rinks cannot be remodeled, it should be seen to that new rinks be built so that the hockey ice may be of standard size. A team practicing on undersized ice, when let loose on a larger expanse is much better off than a team going from a larger to a smaller rink, for quick, close work is effective even on big ice. Peterboro' has probably the narrowest hockey rink of any of the senior clubs. When the puck is brought down to either end it seems as if scoring were the only thing possible. On account of this fact, the Peterboro' players have established a widespread reputation as heavy scorers on their own ice. They added materially to this reputation by the 17 goals they ran up against T. A. C. Captain Hardisty succeeded in imbuing the minds of the Peterboro' seven with a great deal of respect. The score was 4 to 3 in T.A.C.'s favor when Hardisty received a blow on the head, from the effects of which he fainted twice. He insisted on playing on, however, but his strength was gone. The T.A.C. forwards showed lack of the combination that comes from practice, and for this the mild weather prevailing in the city previous to the game was answerable. Peterboro' did not suffer in this respect, and their team stepped on the ice trained to the hour. The return game next Monday night will be on more even terms and the hockey should be of a high order.

The advent of ladies into hockeydom is a cause of congratulation. For a few years back the fair sex, in an isolated town here and there, have organized for exercise and pastime in the way of hockey, but never before this year has the movement been so widespread. It is a matter in which the provincial towns are leading Toronto, as no effort has as yet been noticed here of getting the ladies past the gymnasium floor for winter sport. In some of the towns difference has not wholly been waived, and practices take place only behind closed doors.

The Winnipeggers are this week trying conclusions with our three senior teams. In the East they have measured up to the standard of the majority of the teams, their only decisive defeat being by the Victorias of Montreal. They are a strong, healthy lot of sportsmen, completely at home on the ice and excelling in a fast combination game. Their sojourn in Toronto will be productive of much good, besides its phase of pleasurable intercourse, both in preparing our local teams for their opening season and in giving an opportunity for comparison between them and the Eastern clubs.

Mr. Ham McMicken.

The appointment of Mr. Ham McMicken as European agent of the Great Northern Railway with headquarters in London, England, removes from Toronto one of the most popular of the local railway men. Although he has only been in Toronto as Canadian agent since 1895 he has made a host of friends who almost regret his promotion to London because it



Mr. Ham McMicken.

removes him from the local circle. Hamilton Grant McMicken is an all-round railway man of experience, and his appointment as European agent again illustrates the truth that "merit is rewarded." Mr. McMicken sailed from New York on Thursday of this week, and for the present his family will continue to reside in Toronto.

A Triumph for Miss Anglin.

MISS MARGARET ANGLIN, daughter of the late Hon. T. W. Anglin of Toronto, has joined Mr. E. H. Sothern's company, which is playing The Adventure of Lady Ursula, the new play by Anthony Hope. Miss Anglin was in Toronto last season as leading lady with James O'Neill, and her grace and beauty invited a great deal of admiration. With Mr. Sothern's company Miss Anglin plays the role of Lady Ursula on occasions when Virginia Harned, the talented and beautiful wife of Mr. Sothern, is unable to appear. For the fourth time Miss Anglin played the part in Kansas City last week at the Coates Theater, and the Daily Times of that city, in a leading article, gave her most unreserved praise. Virginia Harned was ill, but not seriously. Miss Anglin's acting was "a revelation."

"There was no little disappointment when it was first discovered that the name of Virginia Harned did not appear upon the play bill, and there was still some doubt when the young woman who was to supplant her made her entrance. During the first act the doubt dissipated gradually and people began to feel that the part would at least be worthily presented. During the remaining acts the hearers made up their minds that, with all due respect to the splendid ability of Virginia Harned, the character was being impersonated in a manner which seemed to leave no room for improvement. It was Margaret Anglin to whom most of the applause was given; it was she who made the unquestionable hit of the performance.

"Although Miss Anglin has been seen in Kansas City as the leading lady of James O'Neill's company, there were few who remembered her name or her face. It is quite safe to say that the majority of those who were present last night will not soon forget either. To nearly everyone in the audience came the thought which was frequently expressed, 'How much she resembles Julia Marlowe,' which may justly be taken as high praise. With a voice which is almost identical in its tone and modulation, with large eyes that have that familiar appealing look, with motions and gestures which have a striking similarity, Miss Anglin comes as near being a counterpart of Miss Marlowe as one would expect nature to produce. Full of life and vivacity, she makes the scenes in which she appears as a girl both charming and natural. With coyness, with reserve, with force and decision when firmness is needed, the parts of the play in which she impersonates a boy become the most delightful of all.

"Miss Anglin played the part once in the play when the piece was first given in Philadelphia. During the present week, on account of the illness of Miss Harned, which, fortunately, is not serious, she has appeared twice in the play. At the Coates last night she impersonated the character for the fourth time, but she was as much at home in it as though she had done nothing else all season.

"To say that Miss Anglin rather outshone Mr. Sothern last night is but to say that when Mr. Hope wrote the play he made the part of Lady Ursula the principal one, and the one which appeals most to the audience. Mr. Hope gave the opportunity and Miss Anglin had the ability. The combination was complete."

Washington Notes.

MRS. FISKE has presented in her Tess of the D'Urbervilles a characterization so strikingly true to psychology and as faithful to the literary character created by Mr. Hardy as the exigencies of the stage will allow, as to place her dramatic interpretation of the problem of vicarious sacrifice among the foremost examples of the histrionic art.

Mrs. Fiske as Tess, with her wild and vague fears of life, her growing love for Angel Clare, the puzzle of his character, her shrinking from the confession of her soiled thought, her past, her despair at her alienation from her husband, her acute mental suffering and physical terror on his unexpected return, are alike faithfully portrayed, demanding such a strain on the emotions as to make the sustaining of the terrible strain on Mrs. Fiske's delicate physique a matter of surprise to the spectator.

Mrs. Fiske's week in Washington at the Grand was eminently successful, though the very strongest attractions were present at the regular theaters. Mrs. Fiske is fighting the theatrical trust. The Grand is situated on the south side of Pennsylvania avenue, and the one hundred and fifty feet across bring into the locality spoken of only in whispers. It is true that the new Post Office, the same *belles* nor to Washington that the City Hall is to Toronto, is also on the south side, but it has failed as yet to give that tone of respectability that will tempt to the traversing of the breadth of the avenue. While the week was successful it would not be quite correct to say that the Grand was visited by the ultra-fashionable set that patronize the other theaters. They object to advertisement-covered curtains and to the associations of the theater.

Richard Mansfield played last week at the Lafayette, which of itself argues a concession somewhere. He presented his new play, The Devil's Disciple. It was Mansfield that was playing, and of course the play went, but a sigh of relief went up when the bill was changed on Thursday evening.

Mr. Willard presented at the Lafayette, during the week of January 10, a repertoire in which were included the old favorites, The Middleman and The Rogue's Comedy, and his two newer productions, Tom Pinch and David Garrick. In the former play, which, it is hinted, is Mr. Willard's own work, the dramatization centers around Tom Pinch, clerk to Pecksniff, "architect and land surveyor." Simple as a child, green as a salad, and honest as truth itself, fond of story books but fonder of the organ, Tom Pinch is a lovable character who finds adequate portrayal through Mr. Willard's art. David Garrick is, of course, an old play first produced in America a generation ago, and played by all the prominent actors of the time. It, however, affords Mr. Willard a fine opportunity for a characterization in which contrasts are struck so strongly and in such juxtaposition as to make strenuous demand on the powers of the actor. Miss Hoffman, as Ada Ingot, the love-struck daughter of the London alderman, might have been above criticism with a less accomplished companion as Garrick. Though she failed to rise with Willard in the climax of the third act, a strange commingling of love, honor and pride, her work was far from indifferent, and she was greatly aided by her personal charms and appearance. It must be added, however, that an evening gown, though it greatly enhances the beauty of the wearer, spoils somewhat the realism of the play when it makes appearance in a scene laid at nine o'clock in the morning. The support is strong and in keeping with the times in which the play is cast.

Mr. Willard's tour through Brooklyn, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington has been an unqualified success, the audiences at the Capital almost rivaling in fashion and display those present at the performances of grand opera. His visit to Toronto in April, after the New York season, may be looked forward to with liveliest expectation of a superior dramatic production. R.H.J.

Washington, Jan. 17, '98.

Disqualified.

Philadelphia Bulletin.
"Oh, yes; Miss Birdling is a cultivated singer, but she will never pass for a great artist, you know."
"And why not, pray?"
"Because she can sing in nothing but English."
"Oh, dear! Is that so?"
"Yes; and it's such abominably good English too. Why, you can understand every word she says."

Books and Shop-Talk.

The Toronto University Class of '98 has produced the most elaborate souvenir publication ever attempted by an institution of the kind in Canada. It is a good-sized, cloth-bound volume bearing the title, *Torontensis '98*. In it is embodied a complete chart of the personnel of nearly everybody connected with the University. Pictures of committees, boards, directors, teams and officers of the thousand and one clubs, associations and societies, without which a college would degenerate into a mere institution of learning, together with views of the University buildings, the campus, the gymnasium, Edward Blake and the various landmarks that endear themselves to that enthusiastically sentimental animal, the student, abound throughout the book. The main interest in the volume to the majority will be the part which deals with the majority. In the department, Individual Histories, every member of the class is given a paragraph sketch. The editor has done these in a humorous vein, which gives them a wider range of interest than that bounded by the individual whose name is mentioned and "a few immediate friends." There are a large number of excellent pen-and-ink illustrations and designs, most of which are the work of J. S. O'Higgins, whose style is beginning to attract attention in the magazines. The book is jam-full of interesting matter, and, although it might have been printed on heavier paper, will probably last long enough to see an old grandfather or two chuckling over the half-forgotten, far-away doings of his college days.

Walter C. Nichol was editor of the *London News*. He is now editor of the *Victoria Province*. The *Province* says that "London is a sleepy and stupid little hole in the woods, without enterprise or vigor, situated on the Canadian Thames, a muddy stream that rises in a swamp and ends in a marsh."

John A. Phillips, the "father of the Press Gallery" at Ottawa, was in Toronto this week.

The Canadian Press Association will hold its annual convention in Ottawa on March 10 and 11. It is hoped that the attendance will be large, for the proceedings promise to be unusually interesting.

The *Canadian Magazine* in its book reviews deals rather severely with *The Humors of '37*, the volume of anecdotes, etc., written and compiled by Kathleen and F. M. Lizars. The reviewer applies, I think, a particularly hard test to the book; he searches it with an eye of disfavor that would find faults in any work of that or any other kind. The only way to get a really perfect book is to write it oneself, and in the meantime we should, if possible, put up with such works as are offered. At all events the good that is in a book should not be ignored and a few faults dilated upon. I think the authoresses of that work have produced an interesting volume and one that will be very widely read.

To the Mediterranean.

THE other day I had a glance over the brief diary kept during a voyage on the Kaiser Wilhelm II. from Genoa to New York by Mr. C. R. W. Biggar.

In it were such entries as these: "Left Naples at 11:30 p.m. Fine, calm, star-lit night." "Fine, bright day." "Bright and calm." "Moonlight



Nice.

night, ball on board." The trip was a very delightful one.

"I do not think," said Mr. Biggar, "that many Toronto people realize that at an expense of about one hundred dollars they can get out of our winter climate into an almost ideal one and have a fourteen days' journey to Italy in a most comfortable ship, four days of which will be spent in the lovely Mediterranean and most of the remaining ten in sailing along a parallel of latitude where there is almost continuously fine weather, and a temperature in December of 60 to 72° Fahrenheit."

We have a great many Canadians who could readily afford to travel more than they do, and we think that they would be better in every way by it.

A Bright Idea.

Bazar.
Emma, a little girl of seven, was left to take care of her younger brother and sister while her mother was absent, and one of her duties was to put them to bed.

Her mother returned, and on looking after the welfare of the little ones, found them in bed with the hot-water bag, although it was a hot night in July.

"Why, Emma," she said in surprise, "why do you have this hot-water bag when it is so warm?"

"Well, mamma," said Emma, "you put hot water in it in the winter to keep us warm, and I have filled it with ice-water so that it will keep us cool."

The Quality of Mercy.

"Miss Gable! Why, there's not a kinder-hearted girl alive!"

"And yet, whenever I've seen her, she's always running down someone she knows."

"Oh, yes, she likes telling funny stories; but then, bless you, she doesn't believe a single word she says."

In Hamilton they seem to have aldermen who are big enough to enter in the running for seats in the Ontario Legislature.

"Come up to my house to-morrow night," said Henpeque. "I am going to celebrate my golden wedding." "Golden wedding! Why, man, you've only been married three years." "I know it, but it seems like fifty, so every thing is all right."

HOW THE GAME IS PLAYED.

The John Eaton Company ran a Department Store in Toronto—Its Huge Advertisements in the Daily Papers Drew Thousands of Shoppers—The Sworn Evidence of Members of the Firm Bears out the Worst that Saturday Night has Said About the Bargain Business.

IN February, March and April of last year this paper, in a series of articles, exposed many of the barefaced tricks practiced by department stores. We were convinced that the department store business had developed to the proportions of an abuse; that the department store aimed at a monopoly of trade and was quickly gaining supremacy by means of great advertisements that appealed daily to the cupidity, greed and foolishness of the mass of shoppers. We argued that department stores could not sell cheaper than others; that they did not sell cheaper than others; that in order to seem to do so they resorted to tricks of every hue and kind; and that Government should intervene to protect shoppers from screaming and delusive advertisements, legitimate business men from undeserved extinction, labor from a depression of wages, and property owners from a deterioration of values. We argued that for the many evils that were resulting no tangible benefit accrued to the public at large in any shape or form.

Many people made experiments that convinced them that all this paper claimed was true.

Only one of the department stores of Toronto ventured to defend itself against the charges made.

The John Eaton Company in its huge advertisements undertook to argue that the department store was an institution that befriended the poor by selling goods away below the regular price. "The greatest good to the greatest number," became its motto. It referred to the way in which the homes of the poor were gladdened by bargains. The wives of workmen were invited to come to the store, pass under archways of beautiful flowers, and to the sound of music buy bargains. And by thousands they came.

The John Eaton Company's store was consumed by fire in May last. There is now a lawsuit over the insurance, and witnesses under oath are telling what they know about that department store, its bargains, its friendship for the poor, its "greatest good" and to whom that good accrued. John Eaton was only a very small shareholder in the company. Its real owners were the Thompson brothers.

Thomas C. Thompson in his evidence declared that their department store sold imported goods at an advance of 10, 50 or 60 per cent., and domestic goods at an advance of 25 or 30 per cent. "Some goods," he said, "were only marked up 25 per cent. Reductions were sometimes made, such as 5 cents a yard on ribbons."

"Those would be bargains," said the lawyer.

"Yes."

"But bargains were advertised very frequently," said Mr. Riddell.

"To give the public an idea that we were selling goods cheap all the time," confessed Mr. Thompson. "Some goods were bought on purpose to be sold cheaply. Very little goods were sold without profit. Friday was the great day for small profits. Of the ordinary total sales, perhaps ten per cent. would be sold at a small profit. On a certain class of goods placed near the door, on which there would be very little profit, no profit or a loss, about \$50 or \$60 might be lost on a day when the total sales would amount to about \$1,500 at a profit of about \$300."

He said that the average profits for September were about 25 or 30 per cent.

Mr. B. B. Osler took an invoice and asked information about a particular article of goods. It had cost \$5.53 and was sold for \$8.88. No doubt this was considered a great bargain.

Mr. Osler produced a newspaper file and cross-examined Mr. Thompson as to the truth of the department store's big advertisements.

"Were the advertisements true?"

"Well, as advertisements go, they were."

There seems to be a special kind of truth suitable for use in advertisements. Mr. Osler quoted from an advertisement giving special and regular prices.

"Is that true? Were those your prices?" asked Mr. Osler.

"Well," replied Mr. Thompson, "I think the man who wrote them had to draw on his imagination."

One of the daily papers stated that Mr. Thompson's brother smiled delightedly at this evidence, and there were several bursts of laughter and "order" was cried. The shrewd lawyers and business men in Court could not, of course, quite keep straight faces while a department store adv. was being read.

"Were those your prices?" repeated Mr. Osler. "Here is lace mentioned: Our price 5c., regular price 25c. Was that the regular price?"

"Not our regular price. They were the prices outside—in country stores. The selling prices were right."

In other words 5c. was the right price, and those who sprawled over each other only got what they paid for, and the quotation of "25c." was purely fictitious. The reference to "country stores" was only a humorism; if sold at all by country stores the price would no doubt have been 5c.

Mr. George Edwards, accountant, testified that the profits made by the company had amounted to \$186,218.

Mr. Harry St. John Jarvis, another expert, who had been employed by the bank to go over the John Eaton company's invoices reported the profits on imported goods as 33 5/6 per cent., and on domestics as 28 per cent.

B. B. Osler asked him if he had heard of the department store method of marking goods up in order to mark them down, but Mr. Jarvis had not heard of that.

The fact also came out that the late department store had paid the newspapers nearly \$20,000 in six months for advertising.

It would be interesting to know how great, influential and respectable daily newspapers square their consciences after accepting large sums of money to advertise "bargains" that were not bargains, "but only a few things sold at small profit near the door."

If the arguments advanced by this paper will not induce the daily press (outside of the *Star*, which refuses department store advertisements) to investigate the entire bargain business, surely the sworn evidence of Thomas C. Thompson will make it impossible for those papers to any longer pretend that they do not see and understand what is going forward.

Whether the newspapers refuse to see the truth or choose to see it, surely the Ontario Legislature will deem it necessary to appoint a commission to take evidence on oath, and devise necessary laws regulating advertising, value of merchandise, and a system of taxation suited to new conditions.

In conclusion let us publish a short note received on Monday of this week:

DEAR SIR,—I went into our departmental store, famous for marking down goods, the other day and bought a school-bag at 45 cents. On arriving home a friend showed me one exactly like it purchased for 35 cents. On examination I found my own marked plainly 35 cents. I entered complaint for over-charge and was informed that they had been 35 cents but had now been marked up. Poor rule that won't work both ways, eh?

The Charge.

THE Boy was getting impatient. He could not understand the General's tardiness in giving the order to charge. The time was most opportune it seemed to him, for the fierce tribesmen had descended the rocky heights, whence they had been firing for hours without doing much damage, and were gathering in thousands on the plain.

"Surely," thought The Boy, "now is the time to charge. Why should we wait until they all gather there?"

He expressed his thoughts to the man on his right, a veteran of fifteen years' service.

"That's what comes o' higher education," said the man sarcastically. "You cubs know too bloomin' much these days. Think th' General don't know what's a-doin'?"

The Boy blushed. "I was only expressing my opinion," he replied.

"Your opinion he jiggered," the man said; "you ain't here to give no opinion; d'ye ear? You're to obey orders, an' no funk'n."

Seeing that The Boy looked hurt he continued in a kinder tone: "All right, Jimmy, don't worry, lad. Th' General wants to get 'em all in th' open an' then 'ell smash 'em to bits. That's 'is little game. Wait un—"

A bullet struck the speaker in the chest; the enemy had found the range.

"Hit, by God!" the man gasped. His rifle slipped from his nerveless grasp and he fell to his knees. The Boy stooped to assist him to rise. The man thrust him roughly aside, staggered to his feet, drew himself up to his full height and, shaking his fists in the direction of the enemy, cried out, "A dyin' man's curses on you, you scum of th' earth!"

Then turning to the men around him he said softly, "Give them hell, boys," and fell back dead. Someone laughed hysterically; The Boy muttered a prayer.

An aide-de-camp, mounted on a magnificent white charger, galloped up to the Colonel, spoke a few words to him and then rode away to the right. The Colonel faced his men. Probably not one of them heard in full the little speech he made. Between the noise of the enemy's firing and the singing in his ears, The Boy caught the words: "Men. . . your duty. . . no cowards in the old regiment. . . we'll show them. . . Charge!"

With a loud snarling cry, which gathered in volume until it culminated in a deep-throated British "Hurrah," the men sprang forward. The Boy slipped and stumbled several times but kept his place. He wondered vaguely if others of the men were as frightened as himself; if the other regiments were supporting them or had they fled. The enemy seemed miles away, and the distance between them was a valley of death. Men fell fast; some without a murmur, others with shrieks and groans of agony.

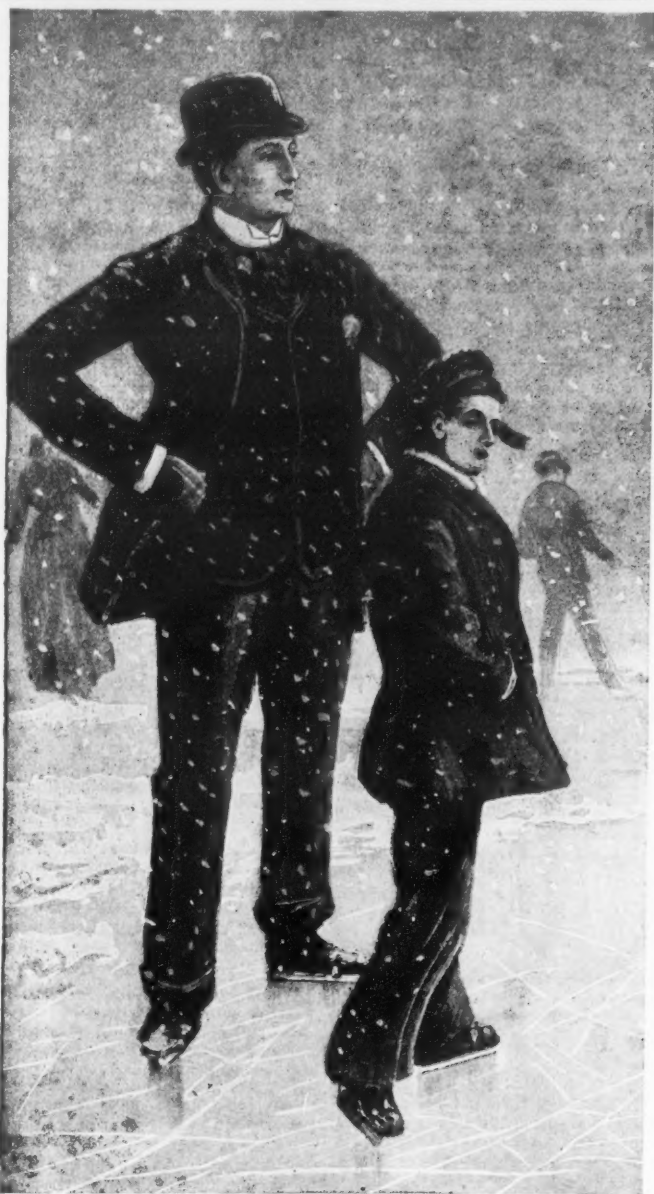
At intervals The Boy heard the voice of his company captain raised in a monotonous "Steady, men; steady, men." A shot grazed his cheek, cutting his chin-strap in two and causing his helmet to fall off. A sudden, fierce, but almost childish anger seized him. "That's a dirty trick," he said aloud, as though expostulating with a comrade, "and I'll pay you out for it."

The Major dropped with a bullet through his heart. The Boy entered another debt in his mental account against the enemy. His fears fled; the grip on his rifle tightened; the thirst for blood parched him.

Three thousand tribesmen detached themselves from the main body and flung themselves with a howl of fury upon the regiment. The shock was frightful. The red-coated line swayed and reeled, but would not break. Men prayed, cursed, laughed, and cried, as they hacked and stabbed with sword and bayonet, struck out wildly with clubbed rifles and bare fists, and kicked and bit each other like wild beasts. The Boy's eyes were blazing; his soul was possessed with a passionate desire to kill.

A great hairy man rushed at the company captain, whose sword was broken, and would have killed him. But The Boy rushed between them and buried his bayonet in the man's breast, smiling grimly as he did so.

The enemy, scattered and broken, were



ON THE VILLAGE POND.

streaming away with the cavalry in hot pursuit. The Boy turned to the sergeant of his company. "Twas a pretty fight," he said.

The sergeant looked at him in surprise; something in The Boy's tone attracted his attention. Then he replied slowly: "It was that, and—and it's made a man of you."

Toronto, Jan., '98. WILLIAM BANKS, JR.

The Blossoming of Hank Peters.

HANK PETERS, yokel, was twenty-five years of age, tall to the extent of six feet two inches, and broad and stout, even out of proportion. You would not have thought that Hank, with all his years, and all his feet and inches, was but a boy, but so it was. For he it known that Hank had never worn a white shirt nor a stiff collar—no, nor a necktie. It is all very well for a boy to stride about in long trousers and to smoke a pipe, and to be able to do two men's work; he must not be taken seriously. Men of half his size have more influence—at least so Hank had suddenly concluded. There was Alec Patterson, for instance. The girls all squabbled about the possession of Alec Patterson. Nobody squabbled about the possession of Hank Peters, not even a certain Mary Matthews. Hank would have liked to have seen his box reserved for him respectfully at the store, like Tom Wilson's was, when he was late getting over nights. Both Tom Wilson and Alec wore white shirts when they weren't working. Hank wore a gray flannel shirt without a collar, working or not. There, it seemed to him, the difference lay, so he determined to break out into linen and starch. Poor, simple-minded Hank! If he had only known how many groans in the bondage of linen and starch and conventionality; if he had only known how often that triumph of civilization, the stiff collar with its attendant devil, the collar-button, has been cursed in the history of mankind!

One day Hank came to town intent on two matters of business, the selling of a load of hay and the buying of a certain garment of snowy whiteness for which his heart yearned. He accomplished the first satisfactorily, stabled his horses, disposed of the immense dinner with which the Timothy Hay eaters for the farmers' trade, and a quart bottle of ale, and, all this done, he wandered through the market to King street.

"What do you wish?" asked the clerk in the "gents' furnishing" establishment a few minutes later.

"I want to get a billed shirt," said Hank.

"A which?" asked the clerk.

Hank could have made three of him easily, but because the latter was dressed like the

latest New York fashion-plate the big fellow felt modestly small and inferior.

"A billed shirt," repeated he; "white—starch—"

"You know?"

"What size?" asked the clerk lackadaisically.

This was a poser to Hank, whose women folks in making his shirts didn't trouble about such a subtle thing as "fit."

"Oh, I don't know," said he. "How do they go?"

"Bout seventeen or eighteen would fit you, I guess."

"Which is the cheapest?" asked Hank.

"Both the same price," said the clerk condescendingly.

"Gimme an eighteen, then," said Hank.

"Large-bodied of course?" said the clerk.

"Same price?"

"Just the same."

"Large-bodied, then," said Hank.

"Just one?"

"Ye-es—I guess so," said Hank hesitatingly.

"You see," he apologized, "I used to have a trick o' buyin' two shirts at a time, but—oh, well, sometimes they wouldn't suit and that, so I just buy one to once now, and if it ain't right it's only half as bad, as you might say. It don't look right if a fellow's shirt won't button at the neck, somehow." Hank wondered what they would have thought to hear him talk such pernickety rot at home.

Mary Matthews was a round, red-cheeked kind of a girl, one that could churn, and bake, and sweep all day, dance all night and start in next morning to churn, and bake, and sweep, as fresh and as rosy as ever. Mary Matthews was the right kind of a girl, as everybody said but her brothers, and they themselves confessed it in private.

"Hank," she said, "you've made a start, but you ain't gone far enough yet to suit me, so don't you think it. You've got to get a collar and a neck-tie."

"No," said Hank agnost.

"Yes, sir, you've got to."

"Oh, but say," remonstrated Hank, "I don't like to blossom out so all of a sudden like."

"Nonsense," exclaimed Mary. "I wish I had the blossoming of you, you big lump. I'd make a man of you."

"I wish you had," said Hank.

"Well," suggested Mary slyly, "you know how it can be fixed so's I kin."

"Mary," began Hank—but, there! we needn't go into details.

Hank has collars that reach his ears nowadays, and ties, the colors and ingenious manufacture of which are on Sundays and festive occasions the wonder of three concessions, but

he doesn't buy them himself. Mary attends to that. Nor does he loaf at the store nights. That will come after a while. Toronto, Jan., '98. S. H.

A Fight in a Fog.

PEDESTRIANS on King street were attracted by the loud talk of two men standing in the doorway of McConkey's restaurant the other day. They were in a heated argument and it seemed to be a very personal matter.

"You don't really own a dollar," cried the short man, at each word rapping with his forefinger on the tall man's bosom. "Your building is mortgaged for every dollar it is worth, and there are chattel mortgages on your plant and everything inside the building."

I paused in my walk, expecting that the tall man would resent this public attack on his financial standing.

"But wait," screamed the tall man. "You just wait a minute. That's not the way to look at it. Let us suppose another case—let us suppose that you own that building over there," pointing to the Canada Life building. "Suppose you own that building, and the man next you puts up one worth almost nothing, how would the Single Tax work?"

With indulgent smiles those who had gathered around or slowed up in their walk at once moved on.

"Ah," I said, "victims of that germ disease should be isolated."

The Beauty of Flowers.

Henry Ward Beecher.

FLOWERS, of all created things, are the most simple and innocent, and most superbly complex; playthings for childhood and ornaments of the grave. Flowers, beloved by the wandering idiot and studied by the deep-thinking man of science! Flowers, that of perishable things are most perishable, yet of all earthly things are the most heavenly! Flowers that unceasingly expand to heaven their grateful, and to man their cheerful looks; partners of human joy, smoothers of human sorrow; fit emblems of the victor's triumph, of the young bride's blushes; welcome of crowded halls and graceful upon solitary graves. What a dreary, desolate place would be a world without a flower! It would be a face without a smile, a feast without a welcome.

Are not flowers, the stars of the earth, equal to the stars of heaven? One cannot look closely at the structure of a flower without loving it. The delicate arrangement of the petals, sepals and that of the ovary, are all emblems of God's love to the creation, and they are all means and administration of man's love to his fellow-creatures, for they first awaken in his mind a sense of the beautiful and the good.

They lead us to thoughts of generosity and moral beauty, detached from and superior to all selfishness; so that they are pretty lessons in Nature's book of instructions, teaching man that he liveth not by bread or from bread alone, but that he hath another than an animal life.

My Love.

For Saturday Night.

She's delicate and slender,

And graceful as the dawn;

And fawn:

She's slight and she is tender

As shadows of the dawn.

Her hair is white and silvery,

Like moonbeams on the lake.

Oh, she is all the world to me,

The finest Guillaume make—my love.

O. F. T.

The Canadian Pig a British Subject.

Canadian Gazette.

Mr. Joshua Gubbins makes a point in his note to the *Westminster Gazette*, in which he laments that the "Associated British Bacon Curer" does not recognize the Canadian farmer and the Canadian pig as British subjects, but calls them "American" and "Foreign." "What," asks Mr. Joshua Gubbins, "was the Associated British Bacon Curer about at Jubilee time when he suffered a Canadian premier and Canadian troops to take their places in a procession supposed to be representative of the British Empire?" Mr. Gubbins "scores" in a sense, no doubt, but that, of course, is no reason why the Stores or any other vendor should be allowed to pass off Canadian hams as English, or, rather, Irish. To this, both the Bacon Curer's Association and Canadians themselves may well object.

Was Permission Secured?

One of the new stamps just issued in Newfoundland bears a modern likeness of the Queen, whilst on another, that of the Prince of Wales is shown. The *Daily Mail* points out that the Prince's head very rarely appears on postage stamps, for the Queen is believed to be averse to the use of any other head but hers for the purpose. Has Newfoundland obtained special permission for this exception to the general rule?

Quite Another Thing.

Circumstances are still much in the habit of altering cases. It is said that a Yorkshire socialist was explaining to a friend the principles of his belief, and that he made the statement, at the outset, that all possessions should be shared equally.

"If you had two horses," said the friend, "would you give me one?"

"Of course," said the socialist.

"And if you had two cows, would you do the same?"

"Of course I should."

"Well, suppose, now," said the friend, slowly, "that you had two pigs. Would you give me one of them?"

"Eh! tha's gettin' ower near home," said the other, slyly. "Tha knows I've got two pigs."

Newspapers and Department Stores in Denver.

DENVER, COL., January 15.—The managers of the four daily newspapers here, who recently received notice from the managers of fourteen department stores that unless advertising rates were reduced thirty per cent. they would withdraw all advertisements, notified the store managers to-day that they would accept no advertising from them except at an advance of eleven per cent. over the old rates. Nearly all the trade and labor organizations in the city have declared a boycott on the department store combine, and they are very lightly patronized. None of them has advertised since Sunday, except by handbills, and the ordinance against this method of advertising is to be enforced.

The department store disease is just one or two stages further advanced in Denver than in Toronto. Denver has passed through the throes caused by the growth of the monopolies. Drug-gists, dry-goods men, grocers, boots and shoes men, milliners, etc., etc., were crowded to the wall by the use of tricks that attracted and deluded the mass of shoppers, and by the huge advertisements which cost a great deal but were worth a great deal to the monopolists. The department store advertisement was so large that it threw its shadow over the whole newspaper. It cost thousands of dollars, but it was the price at which monopoly could be bought and it was cheaply paid.

In Denver, it is thought by the department stores that the newspapers have served their purpose. They are to be put on half pay for the future.

In Toronto the department stores do not as yet feel quite so secure. The monopoly of trade is not theirs yet. When they feel strong enough they will cease to share profits with the newspapers.

STEAMSHIP SAILINGS.					
GERMAN MEDITERRANEAN SERVICE					
Toronto Office, 73 Yonge Street					
BARLOW CUMBERLAND Agent					
North German Lloyd Line Hamburg-American Line					
STEAMERS.	From	Arrive	Arrive	Arrive	Arrive
	N. York	Gibraltar	Naples	Genoa	
K. Wilhelm II.	Feb. 5	Feb. 14	Feb. 17	Feb. 18	
Normannia	Feb. 12	Feb. 20	Feb. 24	Feb. 25	
Fulda	Feb. 19	Feb. 28	Mar. 3	Mar. 4	
Werra	Feb. 26	Mar. 7	Mar. 10	Mar. 11	
Saale	Mar. 5	Mar. 14	Mar. 19	Mar. 20	
K. Wilhelm II.	Mar. 12	Mar. 21	Mar. 24	Mar. 25	
Fulda	Mar. 19	Mar. 28	Mar. 31	Apr. 1	
Werra	Mar. 26	Apr. 4	Apr. 7	Apr. 8	
Saale	Apr. 3	Apr. 11	Apr. 14	Apr. 15	
K. Wilhelm II.	Apr. 10	Apr. 18	Apr. 21	Apr. 22	
Fulda	Apr. 17	Apr. 25	Apr. 28	Apr. 29	
Werra	Apr. 24	May 2	May 5	May 6	
Saale	Apr. 31	May 9	May 12	May 13	
Special Cruises New York to Egypt					
Leave New York	Arrive	Call	Arrive		
	Gibraltar	Naples	Alexandria		
Normannia, Feb. 12	Feb. 20	Feb. 24	Feb. 27		
Saale, March 5	Mar. 14	Mar. 19	Mar. 22		

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD—English Channel
New York, Southampton (London) Bremen
 Havel, Feb. 8; Lahn, Feb. 22; Trave, March 1.
 Havel, March 8; Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, March 15.
 First saloon, \$75; second saloon, \$45 upward.
 Barlow Cumberland, 73 Yonge Street, Toronto.

SPECIAL ACROSS THE OCEAN
 New York—London—weekly..... \$50.00
 "—Genoa..... 30.00
 "—Alexandria—February, March..... 125.00

BERMUDA Jan. 29; Feb. 9, 19
BARLOW CUMBERLAND Toronto Agency
 Steamship Agent - 73 Yonge Street, Toronto

AMERICAN LINE
 NEW YORK—SOUTHAMPTON—(London)—Paris
 Sailing every Wednesday at 10 a.m.
 St. Louis..... Jan. 26; St. Paul..... Feb. 16
 New York..... Feb. 2; New York..... Feb. 23
 Paris..... Feb. 9; Paris..... Feb. 20

RED STAR LINE
 NEW YORK TO ANTWERP
 Sailing every Wednesday, Jan. 26, noon
 FRIEDLAND..... Wednesday, Feb. 2, noon

International Navigation Company
 Piers 14 and 15, North River. Office, 6 Bowling Green

STEAMSHIP and TOURIST TICKETS
 Issued by various lines to all parts of the world.
R. M. MELVILLE
 Cor. Toronto and Adelaide Streets
 Telephone 210

Anecdotal.
 At a public dinner, M. Jules Simon was once called upon unexpectedly for a toast. "I propose," he said, "the health of all who are sick."

At one of the Mackinac hotels, loved by its frequenters for its associations, in spite of lax management, a new guest demanded a bath. "My dear sir," said the proprietor, "next year we shall have two of the finest and best equipped bathrooms on the island." "But," objected the guest, "I want a bath this year."

A funny story is told in the Tennyson Memoir of Sir Joseph Banks and his omnivorous son. Sir Joseph had dined with Tennyson's father, and they were at table when the former said: "Dr. Tennyson, I have tasted almost everything in my life, animal and vegetable, but there was only one thing that turned my stomach, and that was a boiled bug."

The Berliners tell many a story of Mommisen's absent-mindedness, and he has even been credited with not having recognized his own little son, and having asked him his name preparatory to requesting him not to make quite so much noise in a public tram-car in which he was going to town from his home in Charlottenburg; and it is even said that he put his first baby into the waste-paper basket one day and covered it up because it cried.

An Oriental story tells of a man who was asked to lend a rope to a neighbor. His reply was that he was in need of the rope just then. "Shall you need it a long time?" asked the neighbor. "I think I shall," replied the owner. "As I am going to tie up some sand with it," "To tie up sand?" exclaimed the would-be borrower. "I do not see how you can tie up sand with a rope." "Oh, you can do almost anything with a rope when you do not want to lend it," was the reply.

Florence, the well known actor, when in New York, went daily to the Fifth Avenue Hotel for a shave. Of course, he had a friend there—Fritz—who knew his ways and treated him to the proper allowance of bay rum and powder. However, Fritz died, and his friends subscribed for a flowerpiece, Florence subscribing liberally. As the largest contributor he was asked to suggest an appropriate motto, to be done in purple violets across white roses. "Next," he answered. The idea was accepted, of course.

Just before a recent dinner given in London in honor of a colonial magnate, a young swell, whose chief claim to distinction seemed to be the height of his collar and an eyeglass, ad-

Invitation Cards

Ready for immediate sending—on very fine card—we have invitation cards for At Homes, Afternoon Teas, Dinner Parties, Luncheons.

Special cards—in your own wording and design—we can print or engrave on very short notice.

Always ready when promised.

Wm. Tyrrell & Co.,
 "The Bookshop,"
 No. 12 King Street West,
 Toronto

dressing a stranger, said: "Beastly nuisance, isn't it? Spoke to that fellow over there—took him for a gentleman—and found he had a ribbon on his coat; some blooming head waiter, I suppose?" "Oh, no," replied the other; "that's Blank, the guest of the evening." "Dash it all, now, is it?" said the astonished swell. "Look here, old fellow, as you know everybody, would you mind sitting next me at dinner and telling me who everyone is?" "Should like to very much," replied the other man, "but you see I cannot; I'm the blooming head waiter!"

An amusing story used to be told in Bar circles respecting a meeting of the late Baron Pollock and the late Lord Denman. The latter had the night before delivered one of his unutterably prosy speeches in the House of Lords, which in the customary manner was disposed of in the London dailies thus: "After a few words from Lord Denman," etc. Baron Pollock overtook his learned colleague in the park and found him fuming over this latest journalistic indignity. Pollock, in a mildly ironical fashion, condoled with his friend and expressed regret that so magnificent an oration was not reported. Lord Denman took the remark seriously and exclaimed: "Ah, Pollock, it's my firm belief that no person connected with a newspaper will ever enter the kingdom of heaven."

A Martial Vision.
 For Saturday Night.
 Hark! I hear the tramp of soldiers
 Mingling in my fancy's dream;
 Like the roar of many waters,
 In my ears their voices seem.

Swift they come with steady paces,
 Moving to the music's hum;
 High above the brazen blasting
 Sounds the booming of the drum.

By degrees my eyes are opened,
 Gazing with a wondrous light;
 Pass before me on the highway
 All the strength of Britain's might.

This, the morn of battle's glory,
 Famous to earth's latest end;
 These, to meet Napoleon's heroes,
 From his grasp vain power to rend.

Thus, before my wondering vision
 Pass the ranks of Britain's sons;
 Plainly, see each stalwart figure,
 See the glint of many guns.

Long and broad's the winding column,
 Far and near the music's beat,
 Fair to look upon the pageant,
 Marching on grim death to meet.

Thus the army passes by me,
 In my vision here to-night;
 And my blood runs high within me
 As I think of Britain's might.

But alas! the pageant fleeteth,
 Gone the bright and shining scene,
 And no more I hear the drum beat,
 As I heard it in my dream.

Between You and Me.
 "Do you believe in women's clubs?" asks a correspondent to-day, and proceeds as follows: "I hope you don't, because I consider them very injurious and destructive of home life and interests, much more so than men's clubs. Women neglect their husbands, children and the direction of their homes to run from meeting to meeting." All this sounds very funny in Toronto, where, beyond a very few little circles known as artistic, musical, reading or needlework clubs, we have not a woman's club of any description. That the correspondent is a Toronto woman makes it sound much funnier. I wish we had a couple of women's clubs here, and though I might spend one or two hours a day at them which otherwise I should spend in my home, I don't think anyone would suffer. There are a dozen women in Toronto whom I know to be intensely interested in psychology, several more who I know love the study of foreign languages, and quite a lot who are inflicting self-education in solitary grandeur, along various lines, when they would enjoy it ever so much more in good company. A physical development club is a grand thing. A conversation club is an ideal thing, where one thinks and talks, and questions, and works out one's conclusions, and iron sharpens iron. The conversation club I once belonged to used to sometimes crystallize into an animated *tete-a-tete*, a dialogue which the rest of us listened to respectfully and did not interrupt without invitation.

I know of a Comfort Club, where mothers of families may step in for an hour or two and write letters. "It is hard," writes a woman to me, "to get a letter written with a baby tugging at my elbow." I can almost hear a sigh as I read her words. She would enjoy a *seance* at the Comfort Club. It must be hard, impossible, to write a good letter while one's elbow is being tugged. Even in this quiet house of mine it is hard to get letters written. The door-bell is possessed so soon as the stationery is spread out; the organ-grinder comes, the butcher-boy, the grocer, the laundry, the peddler, the tramp; the friend drops in for a pattern bodice, the loan of a magazine; something reminds me of some little chore I must see to; and yet there are no babies, no husband, no servants, such as cumber the correspondence of many worthy women. At the Comfort Club I know that when I draw up my chair to the davenport and write letters, no one will or may disturb me. The light is good, the room is quiet, people don't come there to talk; there are other rooms for talk and tea, but here one may only write and read.

We had a Grievance Club once, for a winter session. Not necessarily our own grievances, but any we fancied we could better and cure. Grievances were plenty, thereabouts, and we had plenty of fun over some of them. The children, the old folks, the servants, the travelers we adopted, with their grievances, would surprise you to hear of. In some cases the grievances were made short work of, but it needed so much tact and watchfulness that it was rather a trying contract. The memory of a certain Reading Club will always be a pleasure to me. I should never have known many interesting and instructive things had I not joined it. There is a Homely Club in a certain city not far from here which meets on Saturday afternoon from two to six,

and you must not bring anything but the plainest work to it. Darning is a great fad of the Homely Club. They have a regular cult in darning, bags of wools, silks and colored threads, glove-menders, stocking-menders, big china eggs for the boys' long stockings and hubby's socks. A bride once brought handkerchiefs to embroider (they put up with it because her clothes were all so new they couldn't want mending); then there are dressmaking clubs which do wonderful and clever work. But these are perhaps not the sort of clubs my correspondent is opposed to.

An out and out club with chambers, caretaker and maid, and a small hall adjacent which could be used for lectures, musicales and such like departures, would be a center of much interest in Toronto if the right sort of people took it up. No blase, loquacious, frivolous or narrow-minded women could run it, but run rightly it would revolutionize sections of our social world. Here and there my mind's eye is looking at the women who could make it a success, such a success that it would be a certificate of brains and culture to hold a membership, that you and I would be proud to belong to. I believe we shall have it some day, because we are even now, many of us, talking with one another, by chance and fitfully, on subjects we might better discuss in our club if we had it. Women are visiting our city month by month whom we might capture and learn from in our club, who come and go and do us but small service as it is. It would be a definite address, when the bright woman from abroad wanted the bright women in residence to exchange thoughts and impressions, and taste well infused tea. And once in a way we could welcome men whom we desired to meet face to face, not stare at from the orchestra chairs or the gallery. And I don't think one of us would make the *fuxie* pose that worthy dame did before Anthony Hope, if he came to shake hands with us! You know the way men try to keep the women they like from forming women's clubs. "Scandal-shops," "A pack of tabbies," "Empty-headed cranks," are some of the endearing terms they employ in reference to such clubs, and it is their favorite habit to pooh-pooh them.

The man who likes you speaks so because other men do, and he shrinks from including you in their criticism. There is no mortal so sensitive as the man who likes you is for your own dear self. And he generally succeeds in squelching any plan or departure I have in view. He very nearly talked me out of riding a bicycle six years ago, but thank goodness the worm turned upon that question for once!

A Lumberman's Life.
 Constantly Exposed to Inclement Weather.

He Falls an Easy Victim to Rheumatism and Kindred Troubles—A Twenty Years' Sufferer Tells How He Found Relief.

From the Richmond, N.B., Review.

Mr. Wm. Murray of Corniersville, N.B., is an old and respected farmer, and a pioneer settler of the thriving little village he now makes his home. While Mr. Murray was yet a young man, he, together with his father and brother, founded one of the best mill properties to be seen in those early days. The mills consisted of a sawmill and gristmill, and were operated and managed by the two brothers. Labor-saving appliances being then comparatively unknown, the young men were exposed to dangers and difficulties almost unknown to the present generation. One of the greatest evils in connection with the business was exposure to wet and cold, which, though unheeded at the time, have crippled its victim with rheumatism. In a late conversation regarding his disease, Mr. Murray told the following story of his long misery and final cure by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills: "For over twenty years I have been a sufferer from rheumatism. I attribute the cause of the disease to the time when as a young man I worked at our mills. In the winter we would haul logs on the pond, where the alternate thaws and frosts of early spring would imbue them in the ice and slush. When the time came for starting up the mill I would go out on the pond, sometimes in water up to my knees, and work away from morning till night chopping logs out of the slush and ice. I was generally wet from head to foot, and every second night of the week I would, without changing my clothes, stay up and run the mill till daybreak. So you see I was for two days at a time in a suit of partially wet clothes, and this would last till the ice had melted in the pond. After a few years rheumatism fastened itself upon me as a reward for this indiscretion, and ever increasing in its malignity it at last became so bad that for weeks in succession I could only go about with the aid of crutches. At other times I was able to hobble about the house by the aid of two canes, and again at other times it would ease off a little and I was able to do a little work, but could never stand it for more than a couple of hours at a time. The least bit of walking in damp weather would overcome me, and I remember one stormy night when I tried to walk from Cocagne Bridge to my home, a distance of five miles, that I had to sit down by the roadside six times to ease the terrible pain that had seized my legs. During all those years of agony I think I tried all the patent medicines I could get hold of, but they did me no good at all. I consulted doctors, but my sufferings remained undiminished. In the fall of 1885 I went to a doctor in Buetoche to see if there were any means by which I might at least be eased of my suffering. The doctor said frankly, 'Mr. Murray, you cannot be cured, nothing can cure you.' I was not satisfied and then I determined to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I procured half a dozen boxes and began taking them at once. I soon felt a change for the better, and after my supply had been finished I got another half-dozen boxes and continued taking them according to directions. That dozen boxes was all I took, and you see me now. I am alive and smart, and can do any kind of work. I did my farming this spring and could follow the plough for days without feeling any rheumatic pains. Yes, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did me a world of good, and I strongly recommend them for the cure of rheumatism."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood,

build up the nerves, and thus drive disease from the system. In hundreds of cases they have cured after all other medicines had failed, thus establishing the claim that they are a marvel among the triumphs of modern medical science. The genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes, bearing the full trade-mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Protect yourself from imposition by refusing any pill that does not bear the registered trade-mark around the box.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not desired.

IN VINO VERITAS.—I should certainly try to forget it as fast as possible. Briefly, if the man asked you to marry him when he was not quite sober, and says nothing since to you on the subject, you may be quite sure he does not want you. And surely you are not in such desperate straits that you would rope him in whether he wanted you or not. And you a Canadian! Shame!

NIRO II.—I always rather mistrust such a development. It looks unnatural, but you seem an honest sort. Your lines show a sensitive and loving nature, fond of praise and apt to pose for admiration. It would hurt you to be overlooked. The whole study is weak, fluctuating, feminine and visionary, but has clever and imaginative touches. If I heard you were an actress, and perhaps an overworked one, I shouldn't die of surprise.

GASCON.—This is an extremely interesting and talented man. Not often does so much imagination, sympathy and force combine in one study. I can scarcely believe in the age part; surely you are letting yourself down at least a decade! Honesty, affection and indomitable pride are in you. I couldn't fancy you doing a mean or base act. You are constant in purpose, very truthful, and only seem to be a trifle self-conscious.

CARA BRIGTON.—Your writing is very peculiar; in some of its lines it hints of mental weakness; you are extremely nervous, apt to depond, passionate and loyal, proud, probably of family, and refined and fastidious to a marked degree. 2. No, I can not tell you my opinion of her. Am not sure I have one anyway. I don't about many persons. 3. If you will drink a cup of hot milk with a bit of fresh soda cracker just before going to bed, I think you'll benefit.

ORIENTAL.—1. Before you read this your question will have answered itself. Yes, I know Mrs. Mountford personally, and considered her acquaintance a privilege. I don't say friendship, because I do not use that word very often. 2. You are very impulsive, fiery and loving, a regular Sun-child. Surely you are August-born! You are long-headed and look well after yourself, have a tendency to over-estimate material advantages, money and belongings; like to be considered clever, which you are not, only smart. I fancy you'd be jealous and make years, if needlessly unhappy.

JOHN HALIFAX.—I don't really know much about it, but the hand you describe is certainly what is known as the artistic hand. Just like Bernhardt's. I am glad Joan found the delineation so perfect. Hers was a very frank and easy study. I looked right into her eyes with it. Your writing is more difficult. Diplomacy, imagination, energy, refinement and a curious reticence are in it. Can you be very shy? Lack of decision on small matters is shown. You can be very strong about large questions, but in trifling things I fancy you are a bit careless. You are susceptible and very receptive.

A Witness by Force of Fate.
 Kansas City Journal.

An incident in the trial of a lawsuit in Judge Henry's court yesterday made the jury burst out laughing. Ella Downend was suing Kansas City for \$5,000 because of injuries she received by tripping over a step in the sidewalk on Twenty-third street, near Woodland. Attorney George Jones, representing the city, said all through the trial that the step was no more than the step to the witness chair in front of the jury, and a person would be no more liable to stumble over it.

"And you know, gentlemen, that no person would be likely to trip over that step there," said Mr. Jones, pointing to the step before him. A moment later Mr. Jones started to go to the witness chair and stumbled over that very step and fell sprawling.

In Fifty-Six Duels.

Baron von Hollenben, the new German ambassador to the States, is criss-crossed from breast to crown with scars inflicted in duels, twenty-one of which he has fought. There is a saying in Germany that while the baron is sometimes marked by a scar, his opponents are often marked by a grave-stone. Besides his record as principal, he has appeared as second in thirty-five affairs.

"Cooper's works?" replied the shopman. "Yes, madam; here are the Leatherstocking Tales." "I don't think I want them," replied the shopper. "Hasn't Mr. Cooper written any Golf-Stocking Tales yet?"

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Studio and Gallery

A PALACE of beauty will be the spacious building of the Young Men's Christian Association, Yonge street, during the first week of February. From ground floor to top flat will be crowded with objects of beauty and interest. Artistic decorations, paintings, bronzes, statuary, curios of all kinds will make of the building a desirable sight. The spacious parlor will be converted into an antique room dignified, reposeful, reminiscent, completely furnished with beautiful specimens of old rose-wood and mahogany furniture. The reading-room will be devoted to Canadian historical pictures and pioneer relics, among which will be, it is hoped, some of John Ross Robertson's valuable water-colors of early Toronto and

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Ontario scenes. The hall will be furnished in a Japanese. One room is to be devoted to amateur photography, and as the matter is in the hands of such well known camera experts as Mr. W. B. Vafley, Mr. W. H. G. Moss and Mr. Harry Glover, the collection is sure to be representative and complete. The Woman's Art Association will also furnish a room with their treasures of beauty.

The display of ceramic art will be specially full. The best modern work the country affords will be there. The ancient china will be classified and arranged as to its periods, etc., under the guidance of such connoisseurs as Mr. Alan Cassels and Mr. Elmes Henderson.

The exhibition of fifty specimens of the work of New York illustrators will be a unique feature. Among the artists represented will be: Charles Dana Gibson, E. A. Abbey, Robert Blum, A. B. Frost, B. West Clinedinst, Will H. Low, Frank Fowler, W. Hamilton Gibson, Albert Lynch, Howard Pyle, Frank D. Small, W. T. Snedley, Alice Barber Stephens, C. D. Weldon, W. L. Taylor and T. de Thulstrup. Two or three arrangements strike one as being particularly wise and courteous, such as the making of arrangements to admit the pupils of schools and colleges at a reduced rate; the absence of the almost universally inevitable extra charges for refreshments, programmes, etc.; the decision to provide no special attractions for Wednesday evening in deference to the city churches, whose evening that is for congregational prayer meetings.

Every evening sweet music will be discoursed. The three regimental bands and the Italian orchestra will play on different evenings. A number of leading vocal and instrumental artists of the city have kindly proffered their services.

A private view has been arranged for Saturday evening, January 20, for which special tickets may be had at the Art Loan office in the Y.M.C.A. building. The only matter of regret regarding this vast display, so full of historical interest, so representative of the groping of the human soul after the ideal (nay, after divinity); so prophetic of the glorious future in which, freed from its limitations, the soul of man shall have free exercise for the conception of glory and beauty which even here flash through it, is that the time of its stay is so short. It is to be hoped that such will be the effect left on the minds of our citizens generally that Toronto, ever after, will be regarded as hopelessly incomplete without some such temple of beauty and interest perpetually standing open to an appreciative public.

Mr. Hamilton MacCarthy is engaged in the execution of a bust of Mr. Kivas Tully, consulting Governmental engineer. The statue, when finished, is to be placed in the Canadian Institute. A venerable head, statuesque, classic, lends itself with particular appropriateness to the classical drapery clothing the shoulders.

We have in our hands a catalogue of the first annual exhibition of the South African Society of Artists, dated May, 1897. This is a fact worthy of note in the history of civilization. When the missionaries first agreed to venture to Africa, the art of cooking was largely in vogue, and there need be no doubt as to the character of the samples of the industries which would have reached us from there had there been no missionaries. They would have been—well, not artistic.

Mr. T. Mower Martin is engaged on two of his characteristic paintings, both of which are rapidly nearing completion. The Old Sportsman represents a picturesque white-haired old man smoking at a table, on which are piled a number of cotton-tail rabbits and ruffed grouse—a suggestive jug appearing behind the mass of fur and feathers. The other, A Wolf Scare, reveals three wolves timidly eying a dead deer left by the hunters under the protection of a purple scarf tied to a branch.

Those who failed to hear the lecture delivered by J. L. Hughes, under the auspices of the Rosedale League of School Art, missed a treat. The audience ran up and down the gamut of possible emotions, and sighs followed smiles in quick succession. We felt keen sympathy with Sissy Jupe's mathematical difficulties; tender compassion for the solitary soul of little Paul Dombey, to whom the great sea confided its secrets and for whom his blundering preceptor so truthfully predicted "study would do much."

We would have been glad of the privilege of holding Nicholas Nickleby's coat, if he had waited to take it off, while he trounced Squeers. Mr. Gradgrind with his "facts," who never countenanced children "wondering," and all the rest of the mistaken pedagogues, passed before us in panoramic succession. Nevertheless, as an artistic product Mr. Hughes' lecture is over-worked—too much detail—too much moralizing. One stroke of the masterful brush of Dickens is more effective than many flicking touches of Mr. Hughes. Dickens can tell his own tale—he needs no elucidation—and tell it powerfully. The frequent reference to the Deity might also be dispensed with. A civilized audience takes these truths for granted. Mr. Hughes should also embody his instructions to ministers how to preach, in a separate lecture.

Miss Hagerty, in her very commodious quarters in York Chambers, has entered upon the full duties of teaching. Two years' study abroad has assisted to develop Miss Hagerty's latent artistic genius, and her pupils will receive the benefit of her knowledge of the latest and best in art.

The next lecture under the auspices of the Rosedale League of School Art will be given by Mr. T. Mower Martin, R.C.A., entitled Art in Education. Mr. Martin is well qualified to treat his subject. For over a quarter of a century he has been accumulating by reading, by intercourse with artists and by actual experiment, a knowledge of art, and no doubt will be able to throw a flood of light on the subject. The lecture is to be given on January 29.

Mr. Cruikshank's picture, Hauling Marsh Hay, is progressing finely. The action of the oxen throwing their weight into the yoke is strongly suggested. The picture is to be finished for the coming Academy.

"To most people in modern times," says a writer, "the objects that make up their material

environment are mere things. Cheap, abundant and without character, we use them, and lose them and replace them without a thought. In old days they were few in number and proportionately prized. They lasted a life-time and became, as they were, a part of their owner's personality; they descended from generation to generation and family piety made them sacred; they were tokens of the citizen's rank and office in the community, and his patriotism warmed at the sight. Over all there was a charm, a glamor of pious association which carried something of the ideal excitement of artistic 'play' into every corner of the house, and into every department of human activity."

A somewhat severe attack of illness has interfered with the progress of the work of Mr. Henry Martin. We are very much pleased to be able to say that he is sufficiently recovered to be able to resume his classes. A long and honorable career and wide experience constitute Mr. Martin a desirable master. An almost completed water-color, A View on the Rhine, is, as all Mr. Martin's scenes are, tender, poetical, luminous, chaste. His residence is 69 Gloucester street.

Those who were able to attend the lecture on Canadian art in the Bond street Congregational church, delivered by Mr. W. A. Sherwood, O.S.A., were no doubt highly pleased and much benefited. Mr. Sherwood's views on art are fully up to the times. He keeps himself in touch with the latest thought. A painting of his has recently been purchased from the walls of the Normal School. A portrait of a lady, dignified in attitude and natural in expression, and a picture of a large dog, life-like, are two of his latest productions.

A deputation from the Ladies' League of School Art, consisting of Mrs. A. Cox, Mrs. C. H. Rust and Miss Sims, visited Aurora last week at the kind invitation of Prof. Cummer for the purpose of seeing his very large and valuable collection of foreign photographs and steel engravings. The Professor is an ardent lover of architecture, sculpture and painting, and during his sojourn abroad to complete his musical education made use of his holidays to visit the great centers of art. The walls of his large music-room are lined from ceiling to floor with beautiful views. All daylight is thus excluded, and a large reflecting lamp is used. The photos are chiefly Italian and French, and the steel plates are from the Berlin workshop of the best steel-plate manufacturer in the world. The collection comprises views of the great public buildings of Rome, Venice, Milan, Florence, etc., etc., the treasures of sculpture in the Vatican and Pitti Palace, Michael Angelo's frescoes, and the masterpieces of many of the great painters, with a few of the modern French school. These isochromatic photos, with their beautiful clearness and perfection of detail, are a most satisfying reproduction of the original, lacking only the coloring. In addition to patiently explaining these treasures of art, and so proving himself well read in Roman history, the professor gave the deputation a delightful half-hour of music, playing the Parsifal Overture twice on the organ, obtaining a splendid violin effect; also the overture to Lohengrin, The King's Prayer, and a brilliantly executed piano solo. The deputation returned on the evening train delighted with the kind hospitality of Professor and Mrs. Cummer, feeling that a day of nine hours had not nearly sufficed to finish the feast, and wishing that the Professor would move his studio to Toronto, where his many pupils engage so much of his time.

The Saturday Night Sketch Club of the Woman's Art Association meets this week at the home of Miss Hemming, 16 St. Joseph street.

A Mother's Kisses.

A recent traveler to Spain, writing in *Blackwood's Magazine*, describes a touching scene witnessed at the departure of a regiment for Cuba. All day long there had been heard the measured tread of soldiers marching through the streets; all day long gaily bedecked boats had been passing to and from the vessel that was to take them to Havana.

The twilight had begun to deepen when the correspondent saw "a startling and pretty sight"—the impetuous action of a portly, good-looking and well-dressed lady, who noticed a young soldier walking dejectedly alone down the pier in his traveling gray, with a knapsack strapped over his shoulders.

All the rest of the men had friends, their *norrias*, mothers, relatives, and made the usual gallant effort to look elated and full of hope. This lad had no one, and it might be divined that he was carrying a desolate heart over seas. The handsome woman burst from her group of friends, took the boy's hand, and said: "My son has already gone to Cuba. He is in the regiment of Andalusia, and sailed two months ago. You may meet him, Pepe G.; take this kiss to him." She leaned and kissed his cheek.

An English boy would have shown awkwardness, but these graceful Southerners are never at a loss for a pretty gesture and a prettier word.

The boy flushed with pleasure, and still holding the lady's hand, said, with quite a natural gallantry, without smirk or silly smile, "And may I not take one for myself as well, senora?" The lady reddened, laughed a little nervously, and bent and kissed him again, to the frantic applause of soldiers and civilians, while the boy walked on braced and happy.

Want to Keep Your Neuralgia?

Of course you don't; so you should take Scott's Emulsion. It is a fact this remedy cures it, and it cures nervousness, nerve debility and insomnia also.

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A new and important arrangement, whereby parties can get a tourist car to nearly every point in California. The Great Northern Railway will run a through tourist car from St. Paul to Los Angeles, via Portland, and down the Coast, thereby reaching more places than any other lines. Have a look at the wheat fields of Minnesota and Dakota and the gold mining district of Kootenai on the way. Rates as low as any. For full particulars apply to F. I. Whitney, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn. H. G. McMicken, General Agent, 2 King street east, Toronto.

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CARTER'S Little Liver Pills

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The Tramp's Good Nap.

In these articles I have spoken often about the importance of rest, of sleep, of doing what you can to provide for a lull in the rattling, banging battle of living. I know we cannot all of us go off on a holiday whenever we would like, but what is to prevent us getting a good sleep once every twenty-four hours? To this end it is not needful to have a fine house or even any house at all.

One night last winter—and it was cold and frosty—I chanced to see a man asleep in the hallway of an apartment building. He was sheltered on two sides of him, and that seemed ample. He was not drunk, but breathing as regularly and gently as one should when enjoying Heaven's best gift. His face was contented and serene, and he had forgotten "the curse of the wandering foot." He had been warded out of sight and sound of his loneliness and poverty.

A little later I met the servant of one of the richest and foremost men of our town on his way to rouse the night clerk of the chemist's shop to get some bromide for his sleepless and tormented master.

So it goes; the point for us to remember being that it is not our worldly circumstances, but our *person* which counts. That is the out of our share of God's benison of quiet and repose. Better be a tramp asleep than a king calling for a narcotic.

In lying awake most of the night, hearing the clock chime up the time into small pieces—in doing this, I say, Mrs. Richard Brooke was scarcely acting in harmony with her own wishes. Far otherwise, as a matter of fact. The trouble of the day was continued into the night in her case. There was no shaking it off or having a good ridance of it merely because the sun was gone down and the lamps lighted. And it dated back, too.

"In April, 1894," she tells us in her letter, "after my confinement, I was not able to get up my strength. My appetite was poor and fitful, and after eating I suffered great pain at the chest. I also came to be much swollen around the body."

"And as my complaint increased upon me, I got to be dreadfully nervous. You will understand this better when I say that so common an occurrence as anybody knocking at the door would startle me. I had but little sleep at night, and finally grew so weak that I could scarcely get about."

"In this low and feeble state I continued for fully a year, during which time I spent pounds in doctoring, but got no better for it all."

"At about this time it was that I read in a book what Mother Seigel's Syrup had done for people afflicted as I was; and I bought a bottle from Mr. Prudence, the grocer, &c., Aberford."

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Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers, Fould's Arsenic Soap and Fould's Arsenic Cream are the most wonderful preparations in the world for the complexion. They remove pimples, freckles, blackheads, moths, sunken eyes, tan, redness, oiliness, and all other facial and bodily blemishes. These preparations brighten and beautify the complexion as no other remedies on earth can. Wafers, 25c. Soap, 50c. Cream, 75c. per box. Send for full particulars to H. B. FOULD, 144 Yonge St., Toronto. Sold by all Druggists in Canada.

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Confederation Building, 8 Richmond St. East.



Mr. E. R. Parkhurst, the well known and gifted music critic, has resigned his post on the staff of the *Mail and Empire*. Mr. Parkhurst has been connected with the *Mail and Empire* for about twenty-five years, and it is not claiming too much for him to assert that during that time he has filled his position in a manner which attracted remarkably wide attention to the musical department of that paper, not only in Toronto but throughout the entire country. His broad musical knowledge and rare literary ability, combined with an honesty of purpose which all classes of musicians were compelled to admit and admire, eminently fitted him for the responsible position he filled for so long a time with so much credit to the *Mail and Empire* and honor to himself. It is doubtful whether any other Canadian journalist has wielded such a wholesome influence in the cause of music in this country as Mr. Parkhurst. His criticisms of local musical efforts have always been generous in tone and helpful to those who would profit by the advice contained in them. The disinterested, dignified, yet kindly character of Mr. Parkhurst's critical work was in refreshing contrast to the policy of fulsome flattery adopted by so many writers, a policy, by the way, always most mischievous in its results. The musical profession and the musical public generally will regret Mr. Parkhurst's retirement, even for a short time, from a field of labor which he has so greatly honored in the past in this city.

The large number of applications which have been received by Mr. T. C. Jeffers in response to his announcement of the organization of the Apollo Choir, for the Good Friday concert in Massey Hall, proves the readiness of competent vocalists to assist in any scheme which appeals to their artistic sympathies. A fine selection of choruses, etc., has been chosen by Mr. Jeffers, and much pleasure is anticipated by those who have volunteered their services in the chorus. I understand that there is already a full complement of tenors and contraltos, but that a few vacancies still exist for baritones and sopranos. Besides the chorus singing Mr. Jeffers has, with commendable enterprise which deserves to be rewarded by the music-loving community, arranged for solos by two of the most popular artists at present on this continent. Mr. Evan Williams, the famous tenor, who created such a marked impression on the occasion of the Jubilee Elijah performance, and Mr. Leo Stern, the brilliant 'cellist, whose recent triumph at the Sernich concert will still be fresh in the memory of the concert-going public, will, with leading local talent, take a prominent part in the concert. With popular prices there should be a crowded house on Good Friday evening, as the concert promises to be one of the events of the season.

The splendid new electric organ which has been built for the Conservatory of Music by the firm of D. W. Karn & Co. (Karn-Warren), is now being erected in the handsome music hall of the institution named, and will be opened by a grand recital on the evening of February 14, when the famous organist and composer, Alexandre Guilmant, will preside at the instrument. This will be M. Guilmant's only appearance in Toronto this season, and will probably be the last opportunity Torontonians will have of hearing this greatest of organists in this city, as it is extremely doubtful whether he will again visit America. Organists and others interested in organs and organ music will find much to admire in the new pipe-organ of the Conservatory. The marvelous improvements made in pipe-organ manufacture of recent years through the use of electricity will be illustrated very comprehensively in the Conservatory's re-constructed instrument on the occasion of the recital to be given by M. Guilmant. Tickets have been placed at the low figure of seventy-five cents and one dollar, and as the seating capacity of the Conservatory music hall is limited to about six hundred, it will be advisable for organists, organ students and all specially interested in organ music to make early application for seats.

Mr. Arthur Ingham, the talented English organist who is at present sojourning in this city, has just concluded arrangements with Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co. of London, Eng., for the publication of his new organ sonata in A minor (opus 15). Mr. Ingham has favored me with an examination of the manuscript of his clever work, and I am pleased to be able to note the very evident broad musicianship of the composer. The sonata is an admirably conceived work in three movements—*Largo* and *Allegro*; *Intermezzo* and *Musette*, and *Finale*—and is not unlike in its structure to Guilmant's First Sonata in D minor, although not by any means reminiscent of the latter popular work in its thematic matter. I understand that Mr. Ingham's new work will be issued at an early date, and can heartily recommend it to the notice of our leading organists as a composition embodying much originality, both melodically and harmonically, besides being scored in a manner which would make it brilliantly effective and thoroughly organ-like in all its movements.

A very successful orchestral concert was given in Sherbourne street Methodist church on Thursday evening of last week. The concert was under the direction of the energetic organist and choirmaster of the church, Mr. A. T. Blakeley, who had arranged a very attractive programme, a feature being the illustrations of the different orchestral instruments, prominent parts being taken by the oboe, bassoon, trombone, cornet, harp, xylophone, mandolin and other instruments, followed by a selection for full orchestra. Mr. Blakeley had engaged very

efficient talent to perform on the instruments named, and the entire performance reflected most creditably upon all taking part, and especially upon the conductor. Vocal selections, with orchestral accompaniments, were rendered by Mrs. McGann, Miss Lola Roman and Mr. Courtice Brown.

The approaching concert of the Klingensfeld professional orchestra is attracting much attention in local musical circles. Herr Klingensfeld has succeeded in organizing an orchestra which, those who have been privileged to hear it say, surpasses anything of the kind we have had in the city for years. A fine programme of orchestral music is being rehearsed, the numbers chosen being of a character which should prove most enjoyable to all classes of music-lovers. Besides the work of the orchestra the concert will be interesting because of the appearance of Sig. Nutini, the famous blind pianist whose performances have created a sensation wherever he has been heard. A subscribers' list is now open at Nordheimer's.

A vocal and instrumental recital of a very interesting character was given in Trinity Methodist church on Monday evening last. Among those taking part were: Miss Jennie Williams, pianist, (Mr. W. J. McNally's clever pupil); Miss Maud Snarr, soprano; Miss Florence Macpherson, contralto; Mr. W. J. Lawrence, tenor; Mr. P. Brownell, bass; Mr. W. J. McNally, accompanist; Mr. Herbert Lye, flautist; Mr. A. M. Buley, 'cellist, and Miss Edith Bassett, pianist. The concert was under the auspices of the Epworth League of Trinity church, and the admirable manner in which it was carried out gave great pleasure to the audience which had assembled.

Miss Daisy Sutherland of this city, who has been studying under Miss Norma Reynolds at the Conservatory of Music for some time past, took part in a recent concert given in the Orillia Presbyterian church. Her singing is thus spoken of by the *Orillia Weekly Times*: "Miss Daisy Sutherland, soprano, gave two very fine selections. This young lady is a frequent visitor to our town, but this was her first appearance as a vocalist, and her many friends were highly delighted with the progress she has made in the short time she has been studying. Miss Sutherland has the advantage of youth and a fine voice, and with care will yet make her mark in the musical world."

The Nordica concert on Tuesday evening next promises to be a most brilliant musical and social function. An immensely large number of tickets were disposed of at Massey Hall at the opening of the plan on Monday morning last, a fact which again demonstrates the great popularity in Toronto of the famous prima donna, Madame Nordica, both vocal and instrumental. The concert from an artistic point of view will be a memorable one. The plan is now open at Massey Hall, and all who purpose attending will do well to secure seats before the evening of the concert.

New Music.—The Ashdown Company have just published a new song by Hastings Webbing entitled "Watch 'Neath Thy Lattice, an effective little work which has much to recommend it, both as regards the text and music. The principal melody, which is effective and singable, is followed by a catchy refrain which is likely to attract the popular fancy. One of Mr. Webbing's songs has been accepted by Mr. Barnett, author of "1492" and other burlesques, for his new work, *The Queen of the Ballet*, which is to be produced at the Tremont Theater, Boston, on February 7, by the Boston Cadets.

Beginning on Sunday evening, January 23, the rector of St. Simon's church will preach a series of sermons on the millennium, a feature of the services being special music by the excellent choir of the church, under the direction of Mr. J. W. F. Harrison. The music selected for these interesting occasions is of a very high order. A fine selection of anthems has been made, and solos will be taken by Mr. A. C. Fairweather, Mr. C. Major, Mr. W. P. Thornloe, and solo boys.

The *Guelph Advocate* of recent date contains the following references to the singing of Mrs. W. B. Thompson of this city: "Mrs. W. B. Thompson of Toronto sang as a solo, Guard While I Slumber, in Knox church Sunday evening. She has a most beautiful voice, clear as a bell, and in addition showed perfect control, fully sustaining the reputation of her teacher, Miss Norma Reynolds of the Conservatory of Music, Toronto. Her rendition was much appreciated."

Mrs. D. Louis Gordon of this city has been meeting with marked success in a concert tour in the western part of the province. The *Galt Daily Reporter*, in a report of a recent concert in that town, in which Mrs. Gordon took part, says: "Mrs. D. Louis Gordon, a pleasing soprano, sang a catchy song called Bob-o-link, and responded to two encores by giving Kentucky Babe and Robin Adair by request. Mrs. Gordon compares favorably with any singers yet heard here."

Mr. R. Victor Carter, whose piano studio is in the Oddfellows' Building, corner of Yonge and College streets, has begun a series of interesting and instructive musical lectures to which music students and their friends are cordially invited. The lectures will be given on Saturday afternoons at four o'clock, until the end of the musical season. Mr. Carter is also arranging free classes in harmony, particulars of which can be had upon application at his studio.

Mrs. J. H. Wilson has resigned her position as organist of St. Enoch's Presbyterian church to accept the important position of organist of the Northern Congregational church. Mrs. Wilson, who is a pupil of Mr. A. S. Vogt, has decided talent, and the Northern Congregational church is to be congratulated in securing her services.

Notice in a Swiss pass.—"No echo to-day."—*Fliegende Blätter*.
Askim—Does literature pay? Tellum—Well, the Jews are beginning to go into it.—*New York Life*.

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Social and Personal.

Miss Florénze Macpherson returned to town on Saturday last, after spending a most delightful two weeks with her friend, Miss Lillian Hall of Napanee.

St. George street and its intersections were full of calling dames in wondrous hats and gowns last Tuesday. Dinner and lunch calls were paid during those charming afternoon hours at a great rate. Mrs. Kirkland in her new home was, as usual, besieged, and at the foot of the street carriages seemed to be dancing an "old-fashioned" quadrille in front of Yeaton Hall. It just occurs to me whether we have any new-fashioned quadrilles. I don't believe that adjective is at all necessary. The quadrille of early Victorian days is to most of us a tradition; in fact, when it was spoken of for the ball, only three of the chaperones had ever been participants in this dear old dance, but some could remember the figures and saw in them no change from the quadrille of their jeunesse doree.

This afternoon three large teas are in progress. Mrs. Lockie of 119 Spencer avenue gives one in honor of some pretty visitors; Miss Harris, always such a pleasant hostess, gives a second at her home in St. George street, and Mrs. Walter S. Lee gives a tea to some of the young and young married contingent at her home in Jarvis street, assisted by Miss Mabel Lee.

Mrs. Gibson of 17 Rusholme road gives an afternoon tea next Tuesday afternoon.

The All-Go Club hold their third annual dance on Monday week in St. George's Hall, and the committee are making special exertions to ensure a grand success. Music and supper are to be extra choice and the floor is really in the best condition imaginable.

The lecture course for the Woman's Art Association of Canada opens on Tuesday at four o'clock, 89 Canada Life, with a lecture by Rev. Charles Shortt, followed on February 8 and 22, and March 8 and 22, by Rev. George Wrong, Mr. Arthur Harvie, Dr. Theo. H. Rand and Hon. David Mills. Subjects, The Normans and their Architecture, The Painted Portico at Athens, Discipline in Graphic Art, and the Void in Modern Culture, and a lecture not yet announced by the new Minister of Justice. The lectures last one hour, and Hon. G. W. Allan, Mr. B. E. Walker, Professor Clark and Dr. Parkin will take the chair in turn for the first four lectures.

Next Saturday evening the Art Loan Collection in the Y.M.C.A. have a private view, to be followed by an open week, with afternoon tea from four to six to patrons of the exhibition. For Saturday evening next a great desire is felt to have a large and smart attendance. The exhibition is sure of success from an artistic standpoint, and asks for the endorsement and good will of our social magnates on its merits alone. Admission on Saturday evening, January 29, is placed at fifty cents, a most reasonable figure.

Professor Clark preached the first of his series of sermons on the Christ at All Saints' on Sunday evening. The Necessity of a Revelation was ably treated, and the large church was packed with attentive listeners. I hear the new tiling for the chancel and a service of electric light are two improvements *en train* for this fine church.

Mrs. George Lapham is visiting her parents, Ven. Archdeacon and Mrs. Boddy.

Mr. Dickson Patterson's fine portrait of Rev. Dr. McColl of Chatham, ordered by the School Board for the Central school of that city, was unveiled last Friday in the presence of a crowd of interested spectators. Dr. McColl has been connected with the School Board for an immense time, and has completed his fifty years in Chatham as pastor of the Free Scotch church there. The decision to entrust to Mr. Dickson Patterson the painting of this much-admired portrait was made, I hear, through finding out that he was the artist who painted a very fine portrait of Rev. Dr. Bell, recent registrar of Queen's College, Kingston.

Mrs. Blackstock Downey has gone to New York. I hear Mr. George Tate Blackstock, her brother, accompanied her.

Major Lessard's lecture at the Military Institute on Tuesday evening was a masterly handling of a most interesting subject, so say the officers who listened to him with much benefit on that occasion. Major Macdonald, 15th Highlanders, was chairman, and tendered a hearty vote of thanks to the clever lecturer.

A sigh from those voracious young pleasure-seekers, the *debutantes* and their train of admirers, went up at New Year's in contemplation of what one of them described as an arid waste of dullness; but I fancy these few weeks have not been dull. There are three big dances in view before Lent—Trinity, University, and the Grenadiers' last Assembly, which is fixed for Shrove Tuesday night. Osgoode notices are already out. With the dearth of attraction at the Grand, and not many musical events of great importance to occupy our evenings, dances become occasions of some moment. The rink, skating or hockey nights, is an uncertain quantity, and private and public dances are *facile princeps*. I wish, by the way, someone would bring out a new dance this season.

The Round Table at the Grenadiers' dance was beautifully decorated with a huge Jubilee crown in white and gold, the jewels whereof were of colored electric lights. The officers and their wives and the most honored guests sat about it, and feasted on many toothsome dishes unknown to the "Knights of the Round Table" of song and story.

Welcomes and farewells follow each other quickly just now in the modish precincts of Beverley street. No sooner has one said nice things to the young matron, Mrs. Herbert Cawthra, at her post-nuptial reception, than it is in order to say equally nice but unregretful things to her new relatives, Mrs. John Cawthra and Miss Mabel Cawthra, who left this week for the South, after having given over the reins of management of their ménage to Mrs.

Herbert. At an informal tea on Friday of last week leave was taken of the travelers by a very smart circle of friends, among whom were: Mrs. Strachan, Mrs. Otter, Mrs. Sweny, Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. Cockburn, Mrs. McMahon, Mrs. Yarker, Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy, Mrs. Forsyth Grant, Mrs. Irving Cameron, Mrs. Eber Ward, Mrs. W. Baines, Mrs. C. C. Baines, Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mrs. Forester, Mrs. Stewart Gordon, Mrs. Mavor, Miss Louise Burton, Mrs. S. Denison, Mrs. Cayley, and a number of others.

Great renovations and improvements are going on at Government House in anticipation of its occupancy by Sir Oliver and Miss Mowat next month. Fine new carpets are being laid in the drawing-rooms, but, though they may have been needed, and no doubt were, it is a fact that we did not notice the need, having no eyes for carpets while there were so many more interesting objects of contemplation. I mention the new carpets that we may remember to cast an eye on them later on.

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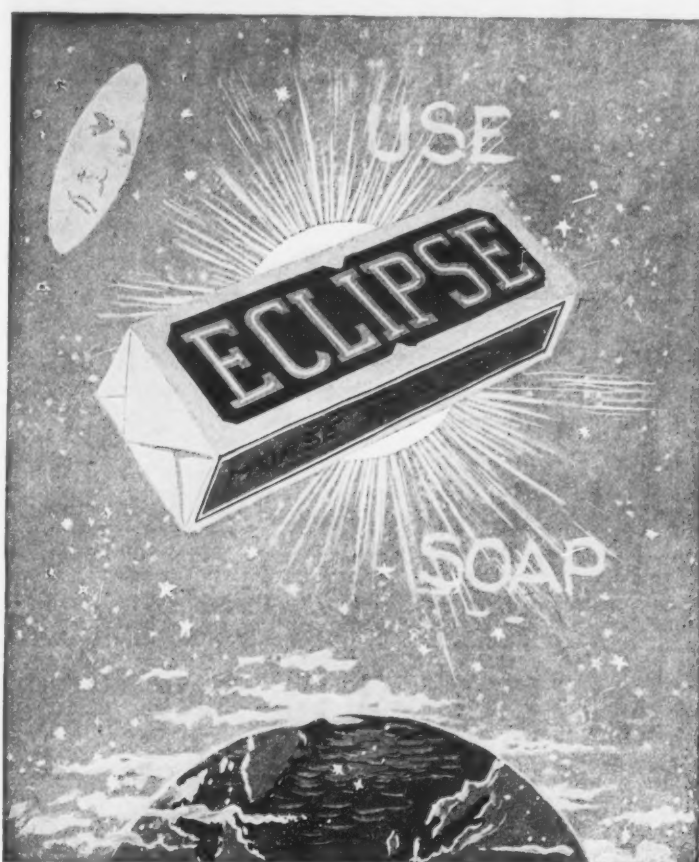
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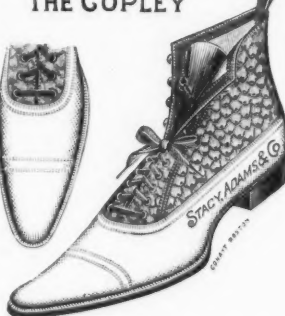
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THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. Limited.

Social and Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. Patriarche will hold their post-nuptial reception, next Saturday, January 29, both afternoon and evening, at their new home, 155 Dunn avenue, Parkdale.

Mrs. Fred Burritt of Nanaimo has been visiting Mrs. Allen Aylesworth of 28 Madison avenue.

Mr. Frank Hodgins, who left a short time ago for England, returns next week with his eldest son, Master Sherwood Hodgins, R.N., who is ordered to the Imperieuse, now on the Pacific Coast. Mr. Hodgins is expected on January 26.

Mr. and Mrs. Stout some time ago rented Mr. R. J. Tackaberry's pretty house at Jarvis and I-sabella streets, and I hear Mrs. Stout expects her sister, Mrs. W. S. Harwood, on a visit February 1. Mrs. Harwood is an accomplished vocalist and her singing will be a great treat to music-lovers in Toronto who are privileged to hear her.

By having his arm in a sling, and a bruised eye, Mr. Clinch, the manager of the Molson's Bank, has been showing the result of a bad tumble he took on a slippery pavement last week. Both arm and eye are recovering I hear.

Miss Charlotte Stammers of Grove avenue left for New York this week to make a visit of several months with her brother, who is located in the big city.

The Imperial Bank has opened up a branch in Montreal. Mr. E. Hay, the inspector, is there as acting manager until final arrangements are completed.

The Varsity-Winnipeg hockey match attracted a crowd to the Mutual street rink on Wednesday evening in anticipation of seeing the best match of the season.

Mrs. Fred Alley of Montreal is visiting Toronto at present, and is staying at the residence of her brother-in-law, Mr. J. A. M. Alley of 738 Spadina avenue.

The Alpha Delta Phi fraternity, one of the prominent Greek letter college societies, is this year to hold its annual convention in this city on February 10, 11 and 12, under the auspices of the Toronto Chapter. At the public exercises to be held in Association Hall on February 10 short addresses will be delivered by several distinguished members, amongst whom are: President Gilman of Johns Hopkins University, Rev. Dr. Raymond, president of Union College, Mr. George W. Smalley, the well known newspaper correspondent of New York, and Mr. Hamilton Wright Mable, associate editor of the Outlook. After the exercises a reception and dance will be held in the assembly hall of the new I. O. F. building for the younger set. The lady patronesses for the dance are: Mrs. W. Mortimer Clark, Mrs. Falconbridge, Mrs. Hardy, Lady Meredith and Mrs. A. W. Ross. The visiting delegates are all young men from the large colleges of the United States, and an interesting three days are expected. McGill College, at which a chapter of Alpha Delta Phi was recently established, is also to send a large delegation of well known young Montrealers.

Lady W. Pearce Howland gave a delightful tea on Wednesday afternoon for the Misses Burbidge of Ottawa. Mrs. George Lindsay, Miss Hamilton, Miss Vickers and Miss Bessie Bethune assisted in the tea-room, and amongst a few of those I noticed were: Miss Athol Nordheimer, Miss Horetzki, Miss Harrison, Miss Shanklin, Miss Temple, Miss Lottie Wood, Miss Lash, Miss Buchanan, Miss Badgerow, Miss Howland, Miss Bessie Thompson, Miss Sheila Macdougall, the Misses Cattinach, and the Misses Thompson of Derwent Lodge.

Miss Winnifred Sinclair is spending the winter with friends in Ottawa.

The engagement of Mr. Arthur Grantham and Miss Gertrude Mackenzie of Benvenuto is announced.

On Saturday evening last a very pleasant event took place at the Merchants' Restaurant, the presentation of a handsome gold chain and match-box to Mr. W. E. Sampson. After partaking of a bountiful supper, the toast, Our Guest, was proposed by Mr. H. E. Bond, who, in his inimitable manner, spoke of the pleasure it afforded those present to show their appreciation of Mr. Sampson. Mr. Sampson replied in a neat speech, thanking those present for the very handsome present and speaking of the regret he felt in severing his connection with them.

At the Toronto Athletic Club each Saturday night sees a much larger crowd than usual, the result of a move on the part of the new secretary. Club night still has an orchestra playing beautiful music, but in addition there is now an exhibition in the "gym"—trick bicycle riding, basket ball, sword exercise, and tumbling are some of the amusements which have been provided. And after the "gym" programme is finished the crowd adjourns to the large dining-room, where a capital impromptu concert is held. There is usually one of "de colored population" to sing a popular song or dance one of their dances. Then there are patriotic songs and comic and sentimental, occasionally recitations or funny stories, and over and around it all is that blue-gray cloud, not so damp as a sea fog, but enjoyed much more by most men whether produced by the pipe, cigarette or cigar.

Invitations are out for a musicale to be given this afternoon at four o'clock in the Nordheimer recital hall. The programme, which is very attractive, consists of a piano recital by Miss Ada Hart, mandolin selections by Mr. George Smedley, and vocal selections by the Sherlock Male Quartette.

Zetland Lodge held their annual At Home on Friday, February 4, in the Temple Building.

The Albany Club are to entirely remodel Scott's King street store for their new club-house. Mr. Vaux Chadwick, architect, has the work in hand.

Some of the prettiest imaginable luncheons are given by those ladies not in their own



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THE TRIUMPH OF THE AGE



The Award of Triumph

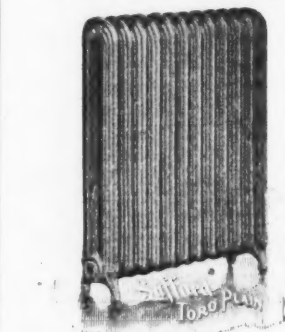
WHEN NAPOLEON of France founded the order of the Legion of Honor, he was opposed on the ground that intelligent men would consider medals as toys. "You call them toys?" answered Napoleon. "Well, learn that it is through such toys men are led." By the same token that led men to fame in days of old, so we have been led to do mighty things in the

field of battle for position and fame. We have been awarded the highest honors for heating apparatus at

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Stockholm, Sweden	1897
London, England	1895-7
St. John, Canada	- 1895
Sherbrooke, Canada	1894
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homes, but desiring to entertain or return the hospitality of friends, at McConkey's, where occasionally a charming party gathers for a tempting repast. Such an affair was given by Mrs. Muntzinger of New York, who has been on pension at the Rossin for the winter, and whose lovely daughter, often with her cousins, the Misses Langmuir, has been a bright particular star at all the swell functions of this season. The decorations were in pink, roses for a centerpiece and carnations in four bouquets and strewn upon the damask, which covered an immense round table, set in an improvised boudoir. Hand-painted cards and pink favors were at each cover, and touches of green set off the lovely flowers and pink ribbons wreathed from the bouquets. On Tuesday the luncheon party numbered twenty-five ladies, among whom were: Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Mrs. Nordheimer, Mrs. Morrow, Mrs. Ward, Mrs. Boulton, Mrs. Barwick, Mrs. Ince, Mrs. Harry Patterson, Mrs. and the Misses Langmuir, and Mrs. Archie Langmuir.

Mrs. Thompson of John street gave a dance on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy has gone on a short visit to Barrie.

Mrs. McKenzie Alexander left this week for a few days' visit to friends in the East. She has much missed this winter during her seclusion after such sad bereavement, and many kind enquiries are made for her.

Mrs. Langton gave a tea for Miss Mowat on Friday afternoon.

A very large attendance hailed a perfect night at the Skating Club on Monday. The march was gracefully led by Mrs. Sweny and Mr. Percy Hodgins, the secretary of the club, and on both the open-air and covered rinks many apt and wily followers of the pretty pas-

sage glided to and fro, adjourning now and then for the cheering cup of tea or the grateful bouillon to the cosy refreshment-room. Both ice and music were favorably commented upon.

Chudleigh was the scene of a pleasant tea this week, when Mrs. and Miss Beardmore entertained a number of friends.

Mrs. Matthews of Pembroke street gave a pleasant progressive on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Ramsay Wright gives a tea this afternoon for Mrs. Bain, daughter of Sir George Burton, who, having gladdened many smart circles with her charming presence, returns shortly to England.

Mrs. Graveley, the talented and popular wife of Colonel Graveley, has been for some time occupied in literary work, and has completed a very fine translation from the French of Henri Constance of that interesting story, The Witch of Flanders. I hear that Colonel and Mrs. Graveley are not intending to occupy their lovely Cobourg residence next summer. Sidbrook without its gracious mistress will be desolate indeed.

Miss Buck of Parkdale has been quite ill, but is now convalescing.

Mr. Charles Atkinson, Q.C., of Chatham, spent several days in town since Sunday, being summoned here by the sad death of his sister, Miss Mary Atkinson, a much-loved and respected resident of Toronto.

Mr. Alfred Boddy and Miss Florence Mills are being congratulated upon their engagement, which was announced last week.

Lady Howland gave a tea on Wednesday for her guests, the Misses Burbidge of Ottawa.

Owing to the severe illness of her father

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Miss Hemming will not be able to receive the Woman's Art Association to-night as announced in the art column of this issue. Mrs. Todhunter, 85 Wellesley street, has kindly offered to fill the gap.

Mrs. Case and Miss Essie Case, who is convalescing rapidly from an attack of typhoid, left this week for Danville Sanitarium for change of air and recuperative treatment.

A beautifully colored photo of Mr. Beddoe of Hamilton in a court costume, and a perfect Minnehaha lady, are on exhibition in a King street window. The latter is one of the prettiest colored photos I have ever seen—lady and costume both.

Mr. and Mrs. Morrow gave a dinner on Saturday evening in honor of Sir Oliver and Miss Mowat. On Wednesday Mrs. Morrow gave a dinner to a few friends, including: Professor and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Justice and Mrs. Osler, Colonel Otter, Mrs. Bain, Mr. Dickson Patterson, and others.

A Sudden Release.

"Miss Kittish—dear Nellie—I am your slave," said young Mr. Dolley, in a sudden avowal of love.

"Consider yourself emancipated, Mr. Dolley," replied the young lady.

Thirty Days of Discounting.

Preparatory to the induction of new importations in fine new woollens in early spring suitings and overcoatings, Henry A. Taylor, draper, the Rossin Block, will for the next thirty days give special discounts off all orders from his winter stock of suitings and overcoatings—a concession which has in former seasons been practically appreciated by his patrons. The lines on which reductions will be made are not of style patterns, but a choice of the newest season's goods imported directly by Mr. Taylor for the high-class trade he enjoys. Announcement of new importations and spring plates will be announced in due course.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

Births.
LAYTON—Jan. 13, Mrs. David B. Layton—a son.
DENNISTOUN—Peterborough, Jan. 5, Mrs. R. M. Dennistoun—a son.
CHISHOLM—Jan. 14, Mrs. J. R. Chisholm—a daughter.
BEMISTER—Beaverton, Jan. 14, Mrs. W. B. Bemister—a son.
ELLIOT—Norwich, Jan. 12, Mrs. Reginald Elliot—a daughter.
PROVAN—Jan. 10, Mrs. A. Provan—a son.

Marriages.
PRICE—MURRAY—Jan. 19, Charles J. F. Price to Laura Murray.
ALEXANDER—BRITAIN—Bowmanville, Jan. 17, J. W. Alexander to Mary Ellen Britain.

Deaths.
ATKINSON—Jan. 16, Mary Atkinson, aged 63.
SHAW—Hamilton, Jan. 16, George McNairn Shaw, M.D., aged 48.
BEATY—Jan. 18, Fanny Beaty.
PUDESEY—Jan. 16, Agnes Pudsey.
RILEY—Jan. 15, Wolstan E. Riley, aged 54.
WALKER—Jan. 14, Thomas W. Walker, aged 46.
EVES—Jan. 18, James Eves, aged 72.
DICKSON—Seaford, Jan. 15, John Turnbull Dickson, aged 76.

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